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July 15, 1965 35¢

THE LADY IN THE EAST WING

THE REPORTER

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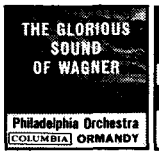
1067



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BRAHMS' Four Symphonies

BRUNO WALTER

1469-1470-1471. This deluxe album also includes: The Academic Festival Overture; Tragic Overture; Variations on a Theme by Haydn. "This is a monumental album!" —N.Y. Times

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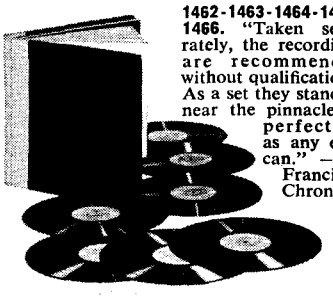
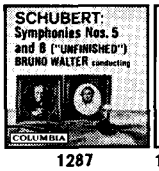
BEETHOVEN'S 9 Symphonies

Conducted by

BRUNO WALTER



1462-1463-1464-1465-1466. "Taken separately, the recordings are recommended without qualifications. As a set they stand as near the pinnacle of perfection as any ever can." —San Francisco Chronicle



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1071-1072 Set Counts As 2 Selections

1073

1523

1480

1525

1094

1283

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1321

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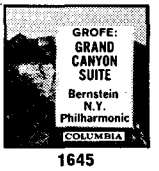

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SPECIAL OFFER!

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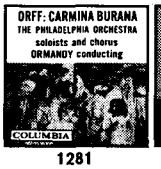
MOZART'S Last Six Symphonies

Conducted by

BRUNO WALTER

1467-1468. "No other conductor seems to give himself to this music so completely." —N.Y. Herald Tribune

1098



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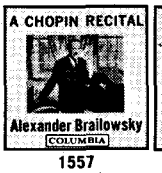

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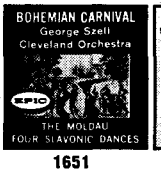

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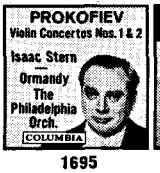

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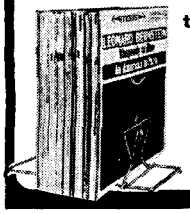

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1089

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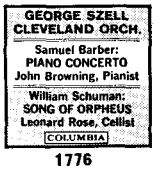

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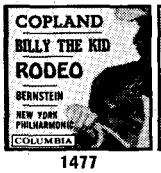

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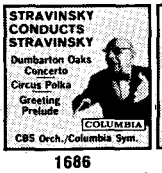

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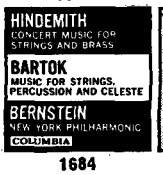
1284 (Stereo version is electronically re-channeled)



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1096

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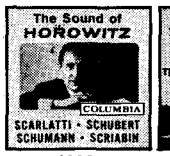

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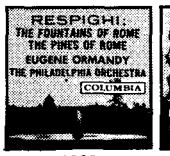

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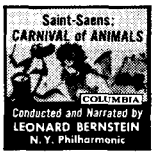

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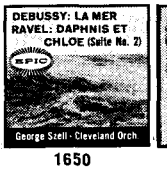

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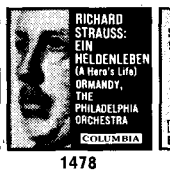

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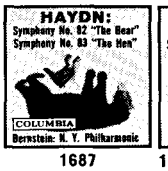

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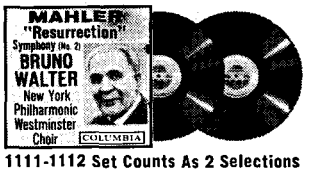
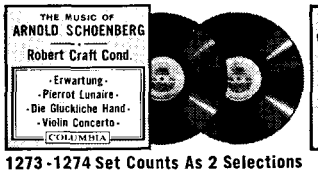


1111-1112 Set Counts As 2 Selections



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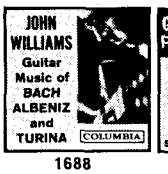

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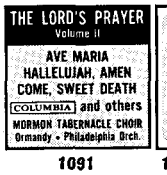

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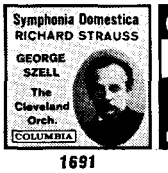
1711-1712 Set Counts As 2 Selections



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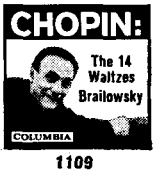

1109

Here's an extraordinary offer from the Columbia Record Club! By joining the Club now, you may have any eight of the brilliantly performed masterworks records shown on these two pages – ALL EIGHT FREE! And if you select any of the four deluxe sets, you will actually receive more than eight records! What's more, we'll also include an adjustable record rack *free*.

To receive your 8 records free . . . just write in the numbers of the eight records you want on the coupon below. Then choose another record as your first selection, for which you will be billed only $3.98 (regular high-fidelity) or $4.98 (stereo). In short, you will receive nine (or more) records for less than the price of one! Be sure to indicate whether you want your nine selections (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo.

How the Club operates: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects several outstanding classical recordings – as well as records from other fields of music. These selections are described in the Club's informative Magazine.

You will receive the Club Magazine free each month . . . and each issue will contain over 200 different records to choose from. You may accept any of the records offered – from any field of music!

Your only membership obligation is to purchase a record a month during the coming nine months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to purchase any additional records from the Club. You may discontinue your membership at any time.

Free records given regularly. If you do wish to continue as a member after fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you will receive – FREE – a record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $4.98 (Popular, $3.98), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more. Mail the coupon today to receive the eight free records of your choice and your free record rack!

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player.

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Send my 9 records and all future selections in (check one) ☐ REGULAR ☐ STEREO

Enroll me in the Classical Division, with the understanding that I may select any of the other records offered. I agree to purchase a record a month during the coming nine months, at the regular Club price plus a small mailing and handling charge. After fulfilling this agreement, I may cancel my membership at any time. However, if I continue, I will receive a 12" record of my choice FREE for every two additional records I buy.

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Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #129

B	O	B	C	A	T	S		H	O	T	H	E	A	D
U			O		R			A		I				A
C	U	T	N	A	I	L		S	T	I	N	G	E	R
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R		C	I	V	I	L		G			T			I
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T	R	U	N	D	L	E		U	S	U	A	L	L	Y

Acrostician—

MARTIN L. KING

(Puzzle 130 will appear in the August 12 issue.)

THE REPORTER

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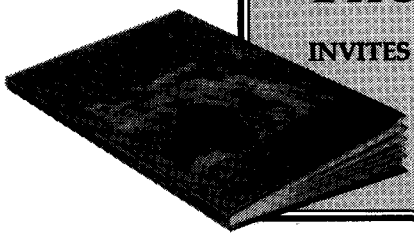
"GOOD ART" or "BAD ART"... what would be *your* judgment?

THE STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you be able to express a well-reasoned opinion? Or would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted* self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and with its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.



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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE ISLAND of Hispaniola, the first to be explored by Columbus, has been in trouble ever since. The part of the island that became Santo Domingo belonged to Spain until 1795, was ceded to France, and conquered for Haiti in 1801 by Toussaint l'Ouverture. It was French for a while, Spanish again, and alternately Haitian and briefly independent until, in 1861, the Dominicans asked to become a province of Spain. This did not long satisfy the local leaders, who asked in 1868 to be annexed by the United States. The Grant administration favored the proposal, but in 1869 the Senate rejected it by a 28-to-28 vote. From then on, except for the period of U.S. Marine occupation from 1916 to 1924, one dictator after another has generally ruled the Dominicans, up to the fall of Trujillo.

To sum it up, the Dominicans seem to have a talent for bringing trouble upon themselves and the United States. The latest instance may prove to be a true turning point *if* no dictatorial régime, of the Right or Left, establishes itself. The United States has taken a major risk for this, and if the Dominican people co-operate and other Latin-American countries do their best to help, the whole adventure may turn out to be a success. **Selden Rodman,** who has come to know most of the prominent Dominicans in the course of frequent visits to the country, returned to Santo Domingo last month as a sort of Diogenes. His interviews provide a mosaic of the personalities and viewpoints on the scene. Rodman is the author of what is widely considered to be the only complete history of the nation (*Quisqueya: A History of the Dominican Republic,* the University of Washington Press).

JUST AS her husband proved from the beginning to be fitted for the job of President, Lady Bird Johnson has turned out to be well suited to her role. Even more so, perhaps, considering that the First Lady can be a figure of real importance only if she wants it that way. **Meg Greenfield** talked to Mrs. Johnson—and many others in the capital—about her concept of the position of First Lady and about the projects in which she is engaged. . . . The sudden overthrow of Ahmed Ben Bella's one-man rule in Algeria is discomfiting to world Communism and also to certain European intellectuals of the Left. **Edmond Taylor** assesses Paris reactions to the coup and the future of French-Algerian relations. . . . Rochester, New York, was the scene of violent racial disorders just a year ago. In the intervening twelve months, the city has improved its communications with the Negro community, but has very little to show for it in terms of concrete action programs. **Jules Witcover,** national affairs correspondent for the Newhouse National News Service, found that even Negro attempts to organize have yet to involve meaningfully the still discontented elements that sparked the riots of July, 1964. . . . The problem of leadership is also central to **Takashi Oka's** report on the latest government in Saigon. Oka, who has observed nine changes of South Vietnam's government in the past twenty months, is East Asia correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor.*

TO SOME OF US, European folk music suggests a dreary sameness of squatting, hopping, and leaping nineteenth-century peasants, waving handkerchiefs as they pursue each other round a tree. (As a variation, English folk music serves, thinly, to convey a genteel, William Morris message to the poor.) The intellectual musician, however, escapes all tyranny of repetition, as **Frederic V. Grunfeld** shows in his study of Bartók, the latest in a series of biocritical essays. . . . **Roger Morris** is a Harvard graduate student in government who attended Moscow State University in 1963 and 1964. . . . **Charles Edward Eaton,** whose verse frequently appears in our pages, is the author of *Greenhouse in the Garden* (Twayne), *Write Me from Rio* (Blair), and *Countermoves* (Abelard). . . . Our Chilean commentator, **Fernando Krahn,** produces the not entirely original observation that all is vanity. . . . **Gerhard Colm** is chief economist at the National Planning Association in Washington, D.C. . . . **Andrew M. Greeley** is a Catholic priest, a sociologist, and a senior study director at the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago. . . . **C. W. Griffin, Jr.,** is an engineer and journalist.

Our Dominican cover is by **Willi Baum.**

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MAN IN SPACE

To the Editor: S. Fred Singer's article "The Case for Man in Space" (*The Reporter*, June 17) is well reasoned and written, and I fully agree with his major premise, "that there is a place for instruments and a place for man." I also agree that "the study of man himself . . . is probably the most important thing that could be done in a manned orbiting laboratory."

Although he apparently did not have time to discuss this point in his brief article, I am sure Professor Singer would agree that the element of time delay in communications alone would prevent effective use of remotely controlled robots for exploration of the planet Mars, unless the human controller were to be located relatively close at hand in some sort of a Mars satellite. Such an expedient may be desirable for reasons of avoiding biological contamination of the planet during early phases of Martian exploration, or in the case of Venus to avoid what appears to be an extremely uncomfortable surface temperature. However, there seems to be little question about the fact that man will have to learn how to live in space for extended periods if he wants to learn very much about even the nearby parts of the solar system. It is time to begin learning this lesson in programs such as the Extended Apollo.

In addition there are, of course, more immediate and practical benefits to be derived from such programs. The ability to construct and operate large radio and optical telescopes in orbit is one to which Professor Singer might have given more emphasis. Although the argument against the military utility of weapons in orbit is entirely correct, I wish that this article had been a little more encouraging about the military value of man in space. I am currently convinced that a man in near-earth orbit could perform several functions that would be extremely useful in a military sense and which we should learn how to do without delay for the sake of our national security.

Dr. Richard W. Porter
National Academy of Sciences
National Research Council
of the U.S.A.
Washington

'TRYING TIMES'

To the Editor: What you say in your editorial "Trying Times" (*The Reporter*, June 17) about the new reaction of many Americans toward their government's policy, from stunned disapproval to anguished cries for explanations, to a greater understanding of what is really at stake, and hence of acceptance of the necessity of what Johnson is doing, is absolutely true of my own progression of thought. I think we *must* oppose Communism, although not necessarily with armed force. There are better ways which we have not yet fully utilized. Johnson is trying to use those, too.

Marjorie Yourd Hill
Madison, Wisconsin

HOUSING

To the Editor: We are pleased that *The Reporter* devoted so much space in its June 17 issue to the housing of low-income families ("The Long Trial of Public Housing" by Elizabeth Brenner Drew and "New York Tries a New Approach" by Thomas C. Wheeler).

Mrs. Drew's article is in sharp contrast to Mr. Wheeler's. The latter shows a sympathetic understanding of the tremendous problems being faced by local public housing agencies. Public housing adaptations in New York City of the type highlighted by Mr. Wheeler are being carried out in many other cities.

Mrs. Drew gives an inadequate explanation of the reasons why public housing is not being constructed at a faster rate, endorses the Johnson administration's rent-supplement plan, and blindly accepts serious misrepresentations of the well-documented criticisms made by the National Association of Housing and Redevelopment Officials of the rent-supplement plan. Our objections to the original proposal were based on the expensive financial formula combined with weak public controls, and its deliberate segregation of public housing tenants as the "poor poor."

Mrs. Drew points to the site problems public housing faces in some localities, based on resistance to high Negro occupancy and to the housing of families with social and cultural problems induced by poverty. She does not recognize that failure to achieve acceptance of low-income families because of prejudice and class consciousness is not a failure of public housing but of a total community. Administrators in many communities have worked effectively, using such new tools as "vest-pocket" developments and rehabilitation of existing housing. With a wider degree of community understanding of low-income families, public housing could move faster. Any new program (including the administration's rent-supplement plan) involving low-income assistance must face the same obstacles.

Mrs. Drew ignores the fact that the Housing Act of 1949 only *authorized* 810,000 units—it did not appropriate the funds for achieving that goal in the proposed six-year program. The appropriations for carrying out that program were eked out, year by year, in small allotments. We demonstrated that, over the years, the larger the appropriations, the greater was the number of applications from localities—ultimately resulting in greater numbers of construction starts.

PHA's administrative job must be measured in terms of *projects*, not units. The smallest project must be processed through the same detailed steps as the largest. The number of projects

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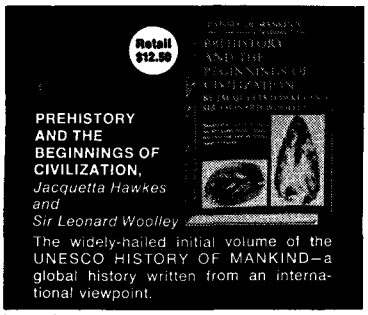

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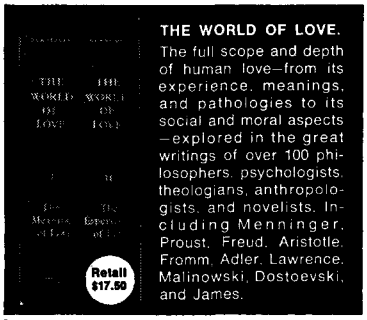

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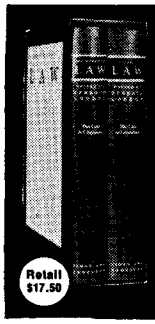

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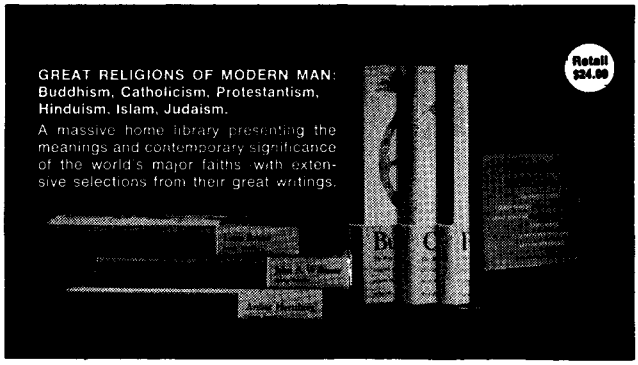

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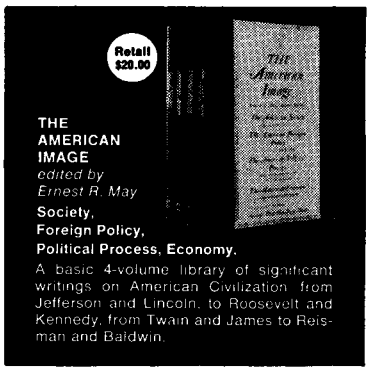

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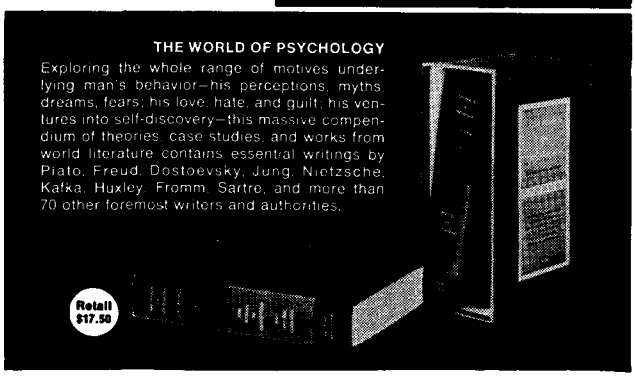

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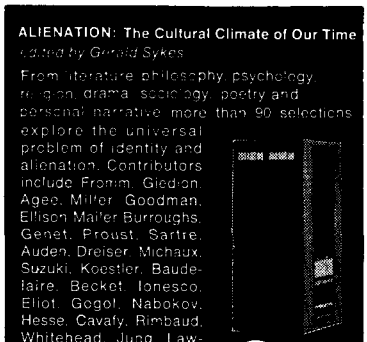

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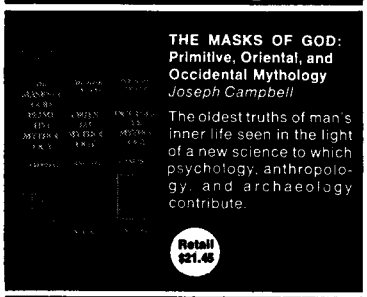

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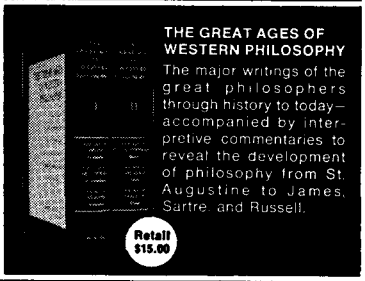

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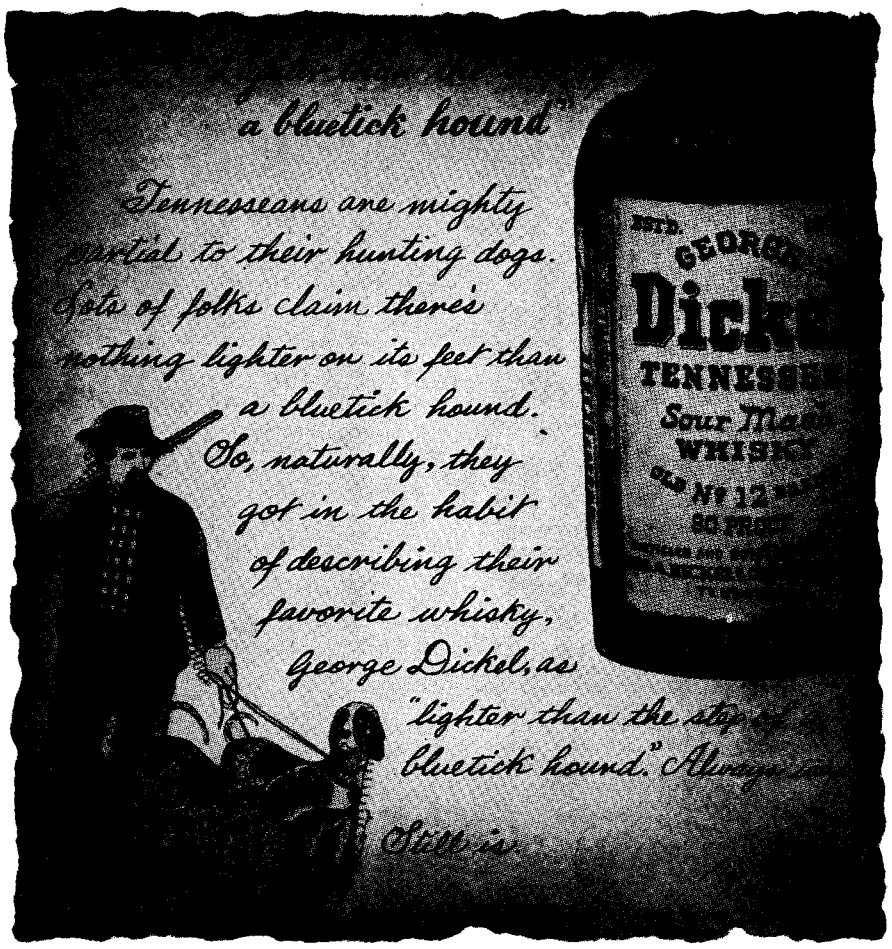

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A misstatement is that we approved the rent-supplement plan as an "experiment." We stressed the advantages of an alternative plan: one which utilizes nonprofit corporations for construction and management and the public housing formula for financing developments for a *cross section* of income groups. Another misstatement is that this Association opposed extending the rent-supplement plan to cover the very poor. We criticized the rent-supplement plan in the form in which it appeared in the administration's bill because it deliberately excluded the really poor family. Our alternative to the rent-supplement plan was put forward as a means of getting the benefit of the rent supplement to not only the "genteel" poor but to the "poor poor."

IRA S. ROBBINS
President, National Association
of Housing and Redevelopment Officials
New York City

Mrs. Drew replies:

I agree with Mr. Robbins that opposition to public housing projects comes from the community, and emphasized this point in writing that "the reluctance of local political bodies in most cities to buck this opposition" is a major obstacle. The rent-supplement plan would fare better, in the opinion of the Congressional committees that approved it, because rent-supplement projects would not have to be approved by local political bodies and housing authorities.

The relevant figures in housing are the number of units built—not projects, which might house eight or eight hundred families. Over the past ten years, construction of units per year has averaged 10,000 less than the roughly 30,000 authorized—and financially provided for—by Congress. While new authorities have been established, eighty per cent of them are in localities of under 25,000. In the big cities, where the need is greatest, public housing has fallen farthest behind.

Mr. Robbins's testimony before Congress was more critical than other NAHRO members', some of whom testified that the rent-supplement program should be tried out. The bill, as amended in both the House and Senate committees, does cover the "poor poor." When Senator Douglas asked Mr. Robbins if he would approve the proposal if it were so amended, he replied: "I say it is an objectionable alternative to public housing, because it is going to put the people in separate categories. . . ."

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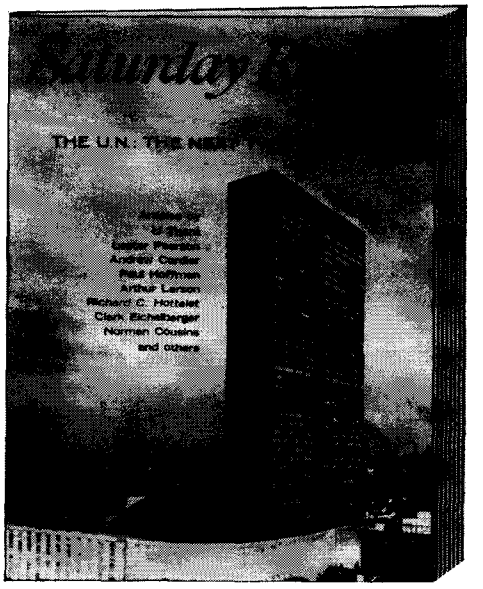

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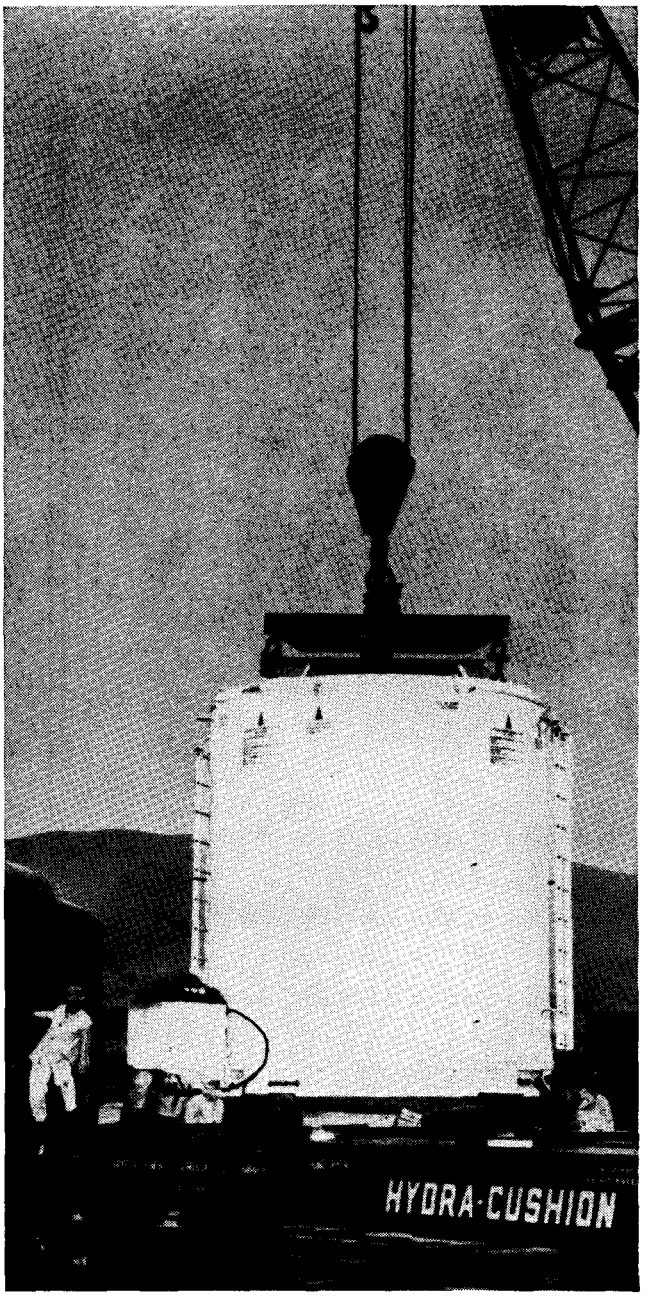

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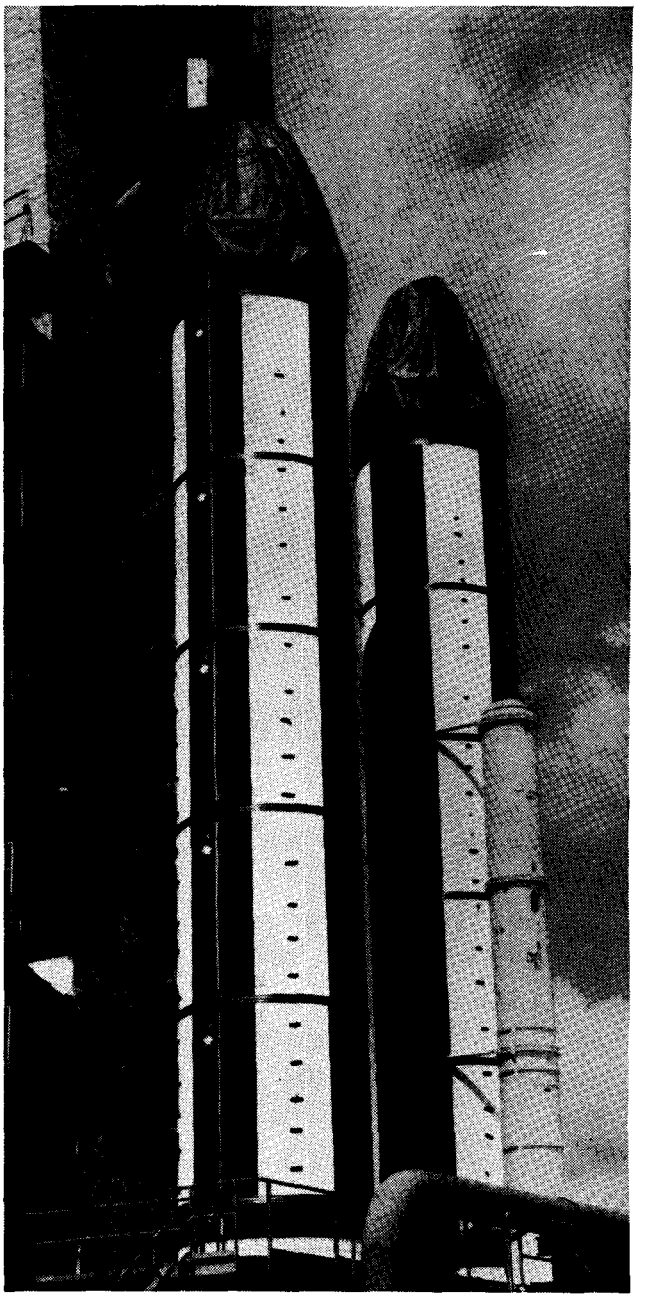

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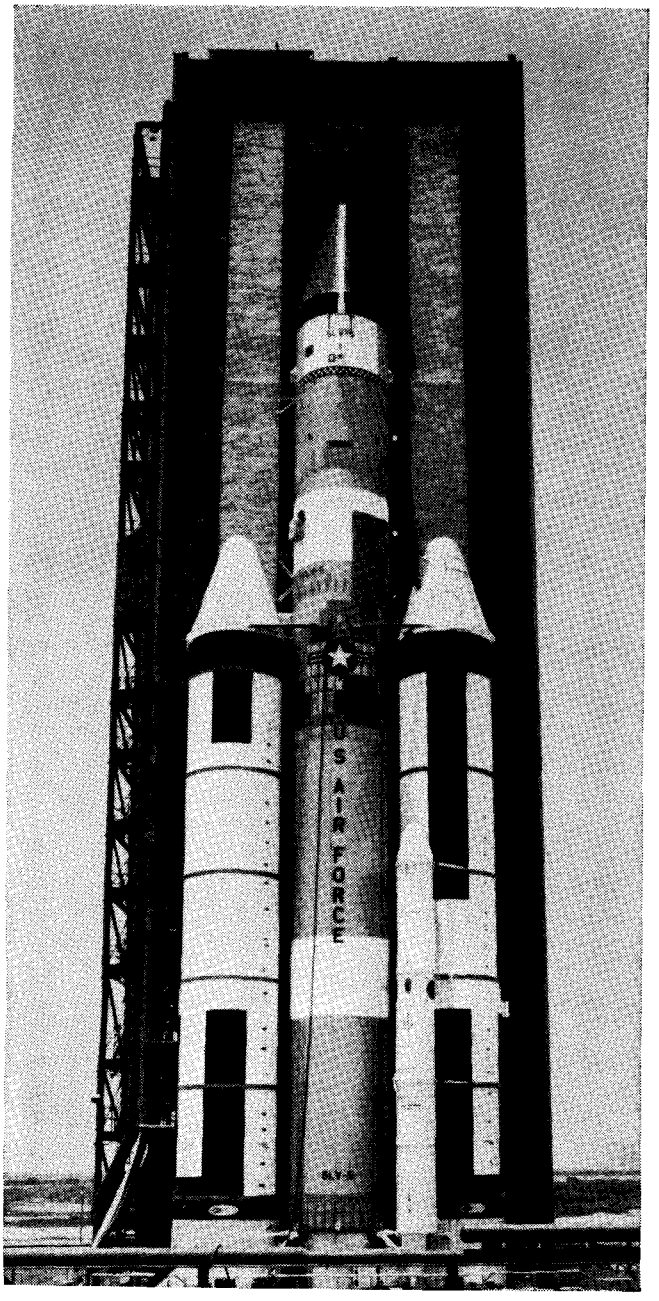

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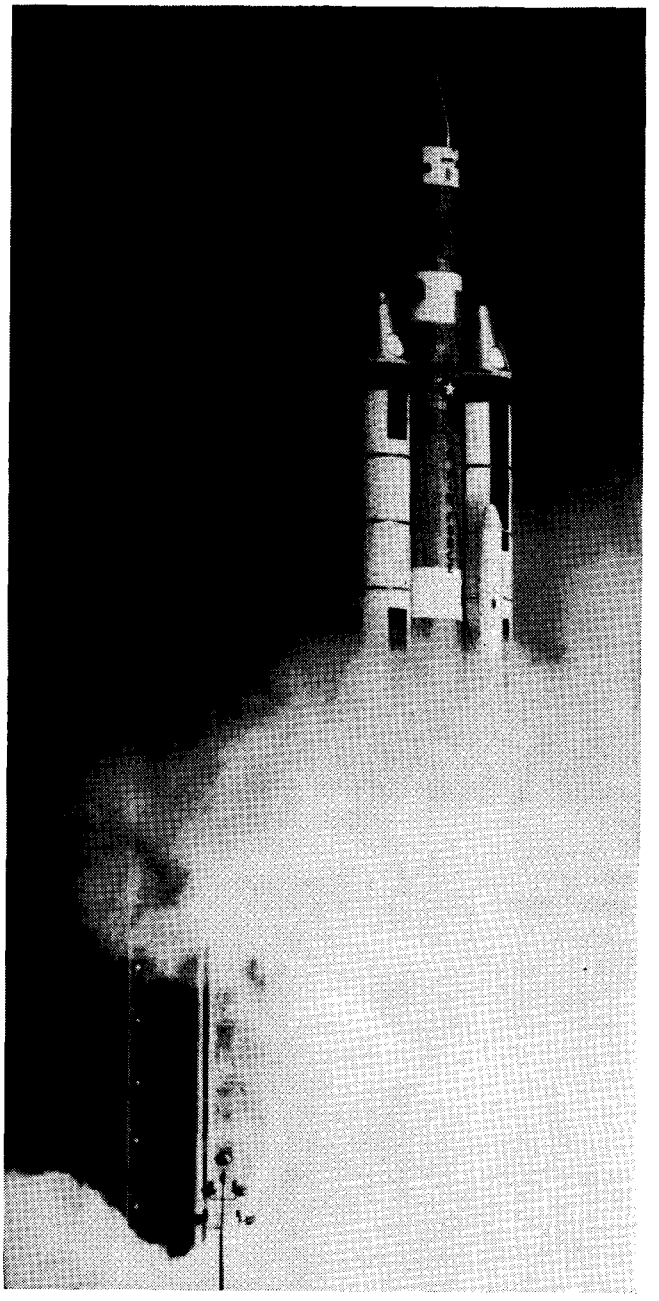

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Hispaniola

By now it has become a matter of routine: the Latin-American countries are regularly listed by the Communists with those of Africa and Asia that still are struggling to break the shackles of colonialism. This sort of nomenclature is particularly ludicrous when applied to Latin America, where liberation from the Spanish empire was reached prematurely, in most of the countries about a century and a half ago at a time when industrialism was still unborn and Spanish imperial rule was feeble.

The condition of Latin-American liberation was created by historic events in the Old World which the Latin Americans themselves had no way of influencing. If Bolívar and San Martín had succeeded in preventing the fragmentation of what had been the Spanish empire, if they had done what the Braganzas did in Portuguese America, making it into the Brazilian nation, there would be far fewer countries in Latin America entitled to partnership in the American community. Now, so many years after their liberation, they go on existing—and a few more besides—all wearing, irrespective of their capacity to satisfy their peoples' needs, the panoply of nationhood. In one respect alone they are better off: at the U.N. they have plenty of company with fellow members playing at being nations.

As a matter of fact, the predicament of Latin America has existed about as long as the history of our nation. The Spanish colonies did not succeed in becoming the United States of South America. No matter what our relations with those countries are, or what their geographical closeness to us may be, we are bound to be concerned with their destiny; indeed we are a part of it. And destiny seems to be weighing very heavily on us, now that our soldiers are temporarily stationed in a nearby republic that was the first to be explored in this continent, the first to have a university, but in terms of a decent, humane social order, must be classed among the last.

In going into Santo Domingo because of an emergency, our country finds itself face to face with an until now seemingly incurable condition existing south of our border, and most eminently on that island. But it cannot be left incurable, and the United States cannot any longer pretend to re-establish order by erratically sending our Marines into the Caribbean. Our country is engaged in a struggle with Communism, and it has a responsibility of power that Woodrow Wilson, who first sent the Marines to Santo Domingo, could not dream of.

True, we have entered into a number of commitments of all sorts with our Latin-American neighbors, including one to bar Communism from the countries of the hemisphere, and one not to interfere in their domestic affairs. In Cuba, we saw how difficult it is to reconcile these two aims. In the case of Santo Domingo, we lived up to one aim while disregarding the second.

In the re-evaluation of our international commitments that is urgently to be undertaken, and not only about the inter-American system, we should first of all distinguish between the pledges we can conceivably live up to and those that are made more hazardous both by our enemies and by our own power, which is great though limited. If sometimes we alone have to take the burden of an initiative, we should see to it that others join us to the best of their ability, and make clear that the initiative was taken not for ourselves alone. Above all, we should never forget the precedents our international actions create. What may be called the common law of national power operates at best this way: not by requiring more and more power in more and more places, but by establishing a precedent that is more effective the more it becomes a memorable symbol.

In the Santo Domingo affair we have already had some difficulties and a few disappointments with Latin-American nations of the most grown-up variety. We should have a patient and, as much as possible, sympathetic understanding of their statesmen's behavior. One of the Latin-American qualities that has been most eminently developed is in the field of jurisprudence, or perhaps jurisprudence cum eloquence. With all due respect for the City of Brotherly Love, it is not so much the Philadelphia type of lawyer that is to be found south of the Rio Grande, but the magniloquent, Mediterranean type that for centuries has been the glory of the Neapolitan bar. Moreover, as anyone who has had to deal with the legal profession knows, a good legal counsel is prone to say: If you want to go ahead, do, but don't quote me.

Intervention in Spanish-speaking Hispaniola was, in our opinion, imperative, but the real job has to start now. An alertness must be created among Dominicans and among their neighbors that may prevent the conquest of power by a Castro or by a Trujillo. Our Marines and our paratroopers, having rendered their service to the oldest spot of westernized America, have plenty of other jobs to do elsewhere.

—Max Ascoli

Fusion & Confusion

The Liberal Party in New York State is small in size and showing signs of age, but it can still be influential on occasion. Run by men like Alex Rose of the hatters union

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and David Dubinsky of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, it is traditionally the party of the non-radical labor movement, with its main strength centered in New York City. (It was formed in May, 1944, as an alternative to the troublesome and left-oriented American Labor Party.) In theory the Liberals should act as a kind of swing party in the state, but in fact they have nearly always given their allegiance to the Democrats—who have come to take Liberal support pretty much for granted. Last month, however, in deciding to back a Republican, Representative John V. Lindsay, for Mayor of New York City, the Liberals at last asserted their complete independence.

The significance of the party's action may not lie in the number of votes it will throw to Lindsay; in no election has a candidate polled more than 580,000 votes on the Liberal line (the late Rudolph Halley, of Kefauver committee fame, did so in winning the City Council presidency back in 1951). Rather it is that the Liberals have begun to face up to an urgent question in the conduct of urban politics in the 1960's. Is the conventional party system any longer compatible with the vast and increasingly general pressures of administering the modern mega-city? Should voters begin to turn to candidates whose appeal, like Lindsay's, is essentially nonpartisan, and who have more to offer than the mere ability to juggle and manipulate the factions within their own party? This, ultimately, may be the meaning of the Liberal decision to back a fusion ticket.

In his speech endorsing Lindsay, Liberal Party Vice-Chairman Rose seemed to have arrived at exactly this conclusion. He also touched on what has been a continuing dilemma for a small party like the Liberals which can exert little more than a peripheral and, it hopes, moral suasion. "It is during national and state elections," Rose said, "that a party such as ours may be deprived of its freedom of action and be compelled to make sacrifices and adjustments when naming its ticket, but on the other hand, in municipal elections, when good government is the issue . . . party labels should be the last consideration." Rose went

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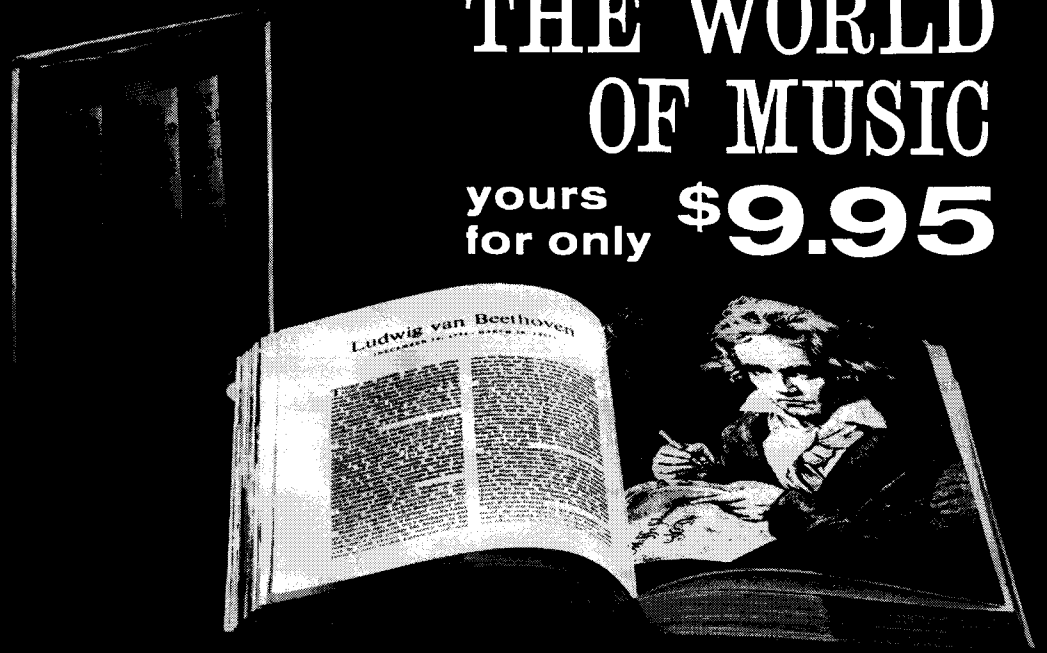

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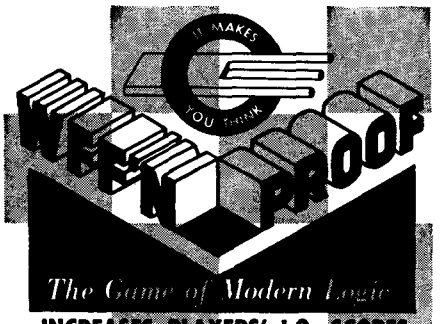

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on to point out that the idea of institutionalized fusion has already been embraced in cities like Los Angeles and Cleveland, where municipal candidates no longer run on the traditional tickets. "We need," he said in conclusion, "a government not beholden to any political party."

What with the present ills of the city and the divisive condition of the Democratic Party, it did not seem a bad suggestion. At last count there were five announced Democratic mayoralty aspirants, and who could say that there would not be more before the primary in September? Would the Democratic Party cannibalize itself in the city as it had so often done in the state? At the present time it is not unlikely, and considering the fact that the Democrats have a 3-to-1 registration edge in the city, this imminent communal bloodletting would seem Lindsay's real hope.

Meanwhile, one of the Democratic candidates, Controller Abraham D. Beame, has asked the Liberal Party for permission to enter its mayoralty primary against Lindsay. The odds are that he will get a polite brush-off. As one Liberal official commented: "Mr. Beame evidently would like to transfer the confusion in the Democratic Party to the Liberal Party." Fusion, it seemed, was determined not to be a Sonny Liston.

Valenti's Valentine

Among the explanations offered for one of the sharp drops in prices of the New York Stock Exchange last month was that a rumor swept the floor that President Johnson had suffered a heart attack. It is almost impossible to trace such tales to their source, but perhaps one might have been launched inadvertently by none other than Special Presidential Assistant Jack J. Valenti.

Recently Mr. Valenti spoke in praise of his boss before a meeting of the Advertising Federation of America in Boston. Only those in constant contact with the President, he suggested, appreciate "the full spirit of the man," whom he acclaimed as a "sensitive man, a cultivated man, a warm-hearted and extraordinary man." Mr. Valenti went on to ascribe this extraordinariness to unusual attributes, both physical and spiritual. "The President, thank the Good Lord," he said, "has extra glands, I am persuaded, that give him energy that ordinary men simply don't have." Some of the larger-than-life Johnsonian qualities came to LBJ, as to other Presidents, "by Godly osmosis," for upon taking office, "It is as if God determined that he would give to the President an extra prescience, additional stamina, and most of all a fuller measure that is beyond the dimension of ordinary men." All this, Valenti said, places LBJ in the "aristocracy of humanity" along with Lincoln, Winston Churchill, and the late classical scholar Edith Hamilton.

What keeps the President going, Valenti confided, is the "trust and faith" of the people, who "knew in their hearts . . . that the President was their guardian and their champion . . . fighting for them and their children." And this is what keeps Valenti going too (presumably aided from time to time by a little kindly encouragement from the boss, a man noted for his solicitude for his staff's workload), for he concluded by saying, "I sleep each night a little better, a little more confidently, because Lyndon Johnson is my President."

The most aggressive advertising copy written by the men in the audience must have seemed subliminal in comparison with the fulsome hard sell of Valenti's message. Praise of this sort is not often enjoyed by the living. Could it be that an adman at the Boston meeting whispered something to his neighbor which, by the time it had been repeated, garbled, and made its way to New York, formed the rumor that panicked Wall Street? A fantastic idea, perhaps. But it was a fantastic speech.

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of The Reporter are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this July 15 issue your next copy will be dated August 12. That will be followed by the September 9 issue, and our regular fortnightly schedule will be resumed.

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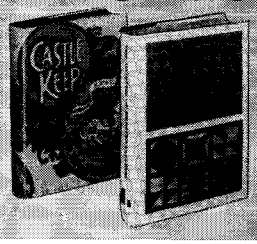

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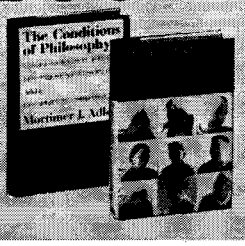

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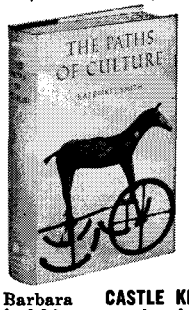

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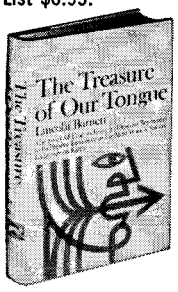

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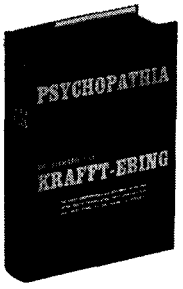

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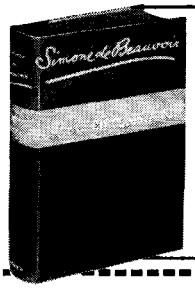

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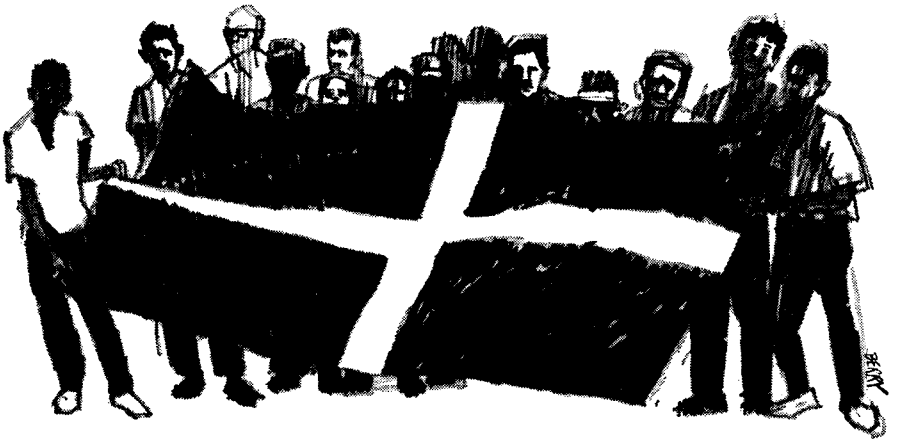

A Close View of Santo Domingo

SELDEN RODMAN

SANTO DOMINGO

As I FLEW over Puerto Rico on my way from San Juan to Santo Domingo I looked down on the landscape below me, unique in Latin America, with its straight arterial roads, its hundreds of feeder highways among green and terraced fields under cultivation, each leading to a town surrounded by industrial plants, belts of new housing, power stations, irrigation canals, and turquoise swimming pools. Then, crossing the Mona Passage, I saw once again the desolation of the far richer Dominican lands, unfenced, uncultivated, comparatively roadless, with few and miserable towns and villages. I had known the Dominican Republic under Trujillo, who had expelled me in 1949, and I had returned for the election of President Juan Bosch to observe the first months of his ill-fated régime. Even then, the blood feuds, the rivalries in politics and the army, the corruption, and the deep divisions within the population seemed a formidable barrier to stable government. Now these divisions had brought the country to the brink of a bloodbath that, according to some Dominicans, was narrowly averted by United States intervention, and a stalemate had developed that made the country's future seem as dismal a prospect as its past. In San Juan, the average Puerto Rican had expressed relief at the intervention: "Thank God the U.S. Army came in before it was too late this time!" one man told me. "We can't afford to have another Castro in the Caribbean." But for many liberals in the United States and Puerto Rico, the issue of constitutionality was a higher principle and the supporters of Juan Bosch were its defenders. As I approached the island where I had so many friends of all political persuasions, I was only sure that unless and until the Dominicans could find a selfless and patriotic leader, their progress toward democracy and peace would be slow indeed.

I SAW the outward marks of the battle lines dividing Dominicans within a few minutes of landing at Punta Cauceda Airport. As my taxi passed through the numerous American-manned checkpoints and approached the Duarte Bridge, I noted sandbagged artillery and anti-aircraft weapons emplaced on both banks of the Ozama River. The buildings were pocked with bullet holes, and the square stack of a big cement factory on the bluff had a rocket hole clean through its middle. On the other side of the strategic bridge, over which General Elias Wessín y Wessín's tanks and troop carriers had rolled toward the city early in the revolt, every intersection was blocked by tangles of barbed wire. In the *cantinas* along the neutral zone that was our highway, U.S. enlisted men in fatigues were fraternizing with Dominican women and children; on the walls behind them, anti-Yankee, pro-Bosch, and outright Communist slogans had been sprayed in black paint.

When I checked in at the U.S. embassy, I found our Foreign Service officers distressed by press interpretations of their role in the intervention. They insisted that their original estimate of the imminence of a Communist takeover was given rationally and in good faith. They also asserted that the subsequent "neutrality" of our armed forces at the time when General Imbert was driving the rebels southward into their present pocket was genuine and was unfairly reported. What they particularly regretted was that the unverified "atrocity stories" attributed by the press to Ambassador William Tapley Bennett, Jr.—reports of mass executions by the rebels, of heads on pikes at the Duarte Bridge, and of the execution of Colonel Juan Calderón, aide to the overthrown President Donald Reid Cabral—were alleged to have been issued as known facts rather than as "rumors" or "reports received," as the ambassador had been careful to describe them to reporters.

Disputed Evidence

When I went to see Lieutenant General Bruce Palmer, in command of the U.S. forces, he gave me his explana-

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tion of the films on the CBS News Special program of May 31: "Santo Domingo—Why Are We There?" The film clips were said to show junta reinforcements moving through U.S. roadblocks, and they were followed on the program by interviews with Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus R. Vance and General Palmer, who both stated that to the best of their knowledge there had been no deliberate U.S. violations of neutrality. Then CBS correspondent Charles Kuralt came on to say: "The very next day we watched dozens of trucks loaded with armed junta troops and policemen, both of them in battle against the rebels, roll through American checkpoints without even slowing down."

General Palmer told me that a full-scale investigation, based on evidence in a letter from a mother in the United States who had recognized her soldier son on TV, testimony from others in this soldier's platoon, and measurement of the height of the sandbags shown, had established that the incident in the first film clip dated from May 5, when the Imbert junta was not in power, rather than from May 15 as charged. The last shots, General Palmer continued, were not of Dominican Army troops at all, but of police who, according to the OAS's cease-fire agreement, have the right to move freely in and out of the security zone. "To this date," he said, checking the figure with an aide who was taking notes, "there have been 809 violations of the cease-fire agreement, and all of the violations have been by Colonel Caamaño's partisans." There had been no law and order at all, he added, when the Americans landed. "People were changing uniforms, hiding, rushing in and out of asylum, switching sides madly. You couldn't tell who was on which side. Now, at least, the lines are drawn."

I SOUGHT OUT General Imbert, the man the United States is alleged to have installed as an alternative to the rebels and to have favored since. I went three times to the junta headquarters with appointments to see the man who took part in Trujillo's assassination, whom I had met when he was a member of the governing Council of State, and each time I waited an hour in vain. An atmosphere of bureaucracy, of business as usual, Dominican style, hung over the corridors and offices of the marble showplace in the fairgrounds built by Trujillo. The smartly dressed secretaries, the petty officials with hairline mustaches, pointed shoes, and evasive manners, were polite enough, but they appeared to be bored with their jobs. Finally, on my fourth visit, I was told that General Imbert wished to greet me but that he would be too occupied with an OAS conference to talk. I walked into Imbert's office and found him surrounded by a dozen officers and a dozen civilian officials. He came over, shook hands, and apologized that the conference was about to begin. Despite his hardboiled appearance and rough way of talking, Imbert has a sense of humor. I said to him, "Look, General, you know perfectly well that I'm at least as important as any two of these characters who are going to take hours of your valuable time. I want five minutes of it and I want it now." He laughed, pulled me over to a sofa, and gave me ten.

I asked Imbert just how far he would be willing to go in co-operating with a "neutral" provisional government headed by a nonpolitical Dominican. He held up a finger of his right hand and pinched off the end of the nail with two fingers of his left. "Just that far," he replied. "Why should I compromise on anybody? After all, the junta controls the entire republic, doesn't it? Except for this pocket of Communists downtown that your troops won't let me take care of."

"Then you regard Francisco Caamaño as a Communist?"

"Caamaño isn't a Communist. At least he wasn't when I knew him. Maybe he's had—what do you call it?—a brainstorm since they've worked over him down there." As for Caamaño's chief political advisers, Hector Aristy and José Francisco Peña Gómez, "Aristy is an opportunist. This is his opportunity—he thinks. His opportunity to pull the strings and make international headlines. I don't know what Peña Gómez is. He could be a Communist. What do you think?

"We want free elections," Imbert went on. "People think I want to be a dictator. Would I have killed Trujillo if I wanted that? It's the last thing I want. I want to see my country safe to live in and free to vote in—for whoever the people want, so long as he's a Dominican who believes in his country first. When you come back, you'll see how we'll have things cleaned up. We're starting already. At the top. That's the place to start, I think. No more corrupt politicians—"

"And generals?"

"Right. There'll be no more corruption and disloyalty in the army as long as I'm running it."

"Where's Wessín these days?" I asked.

He got up, stroking his almost hairless bullet head, gave me a last look from those usually expressionless but now twinkling pale blue eyes, and put his hand reassuringly on my arm: "Wessín is under my command. Doing his duty. That's the way it's going to be from now on."

Behind the Barricades

The contrast between General Imbert's administrative headquarters and Colonel Caamaño's improvised rebel command post in the Copello Building on the Calle Condé is so startling that I had only to visit it to understand in a flash the "bias" of the reporters that so grieves Washington and the U.S. embassy here. I was profoundly moved by what I saw in the rebel zone. I had been told that I would be risking my life if I passed beyond the check-

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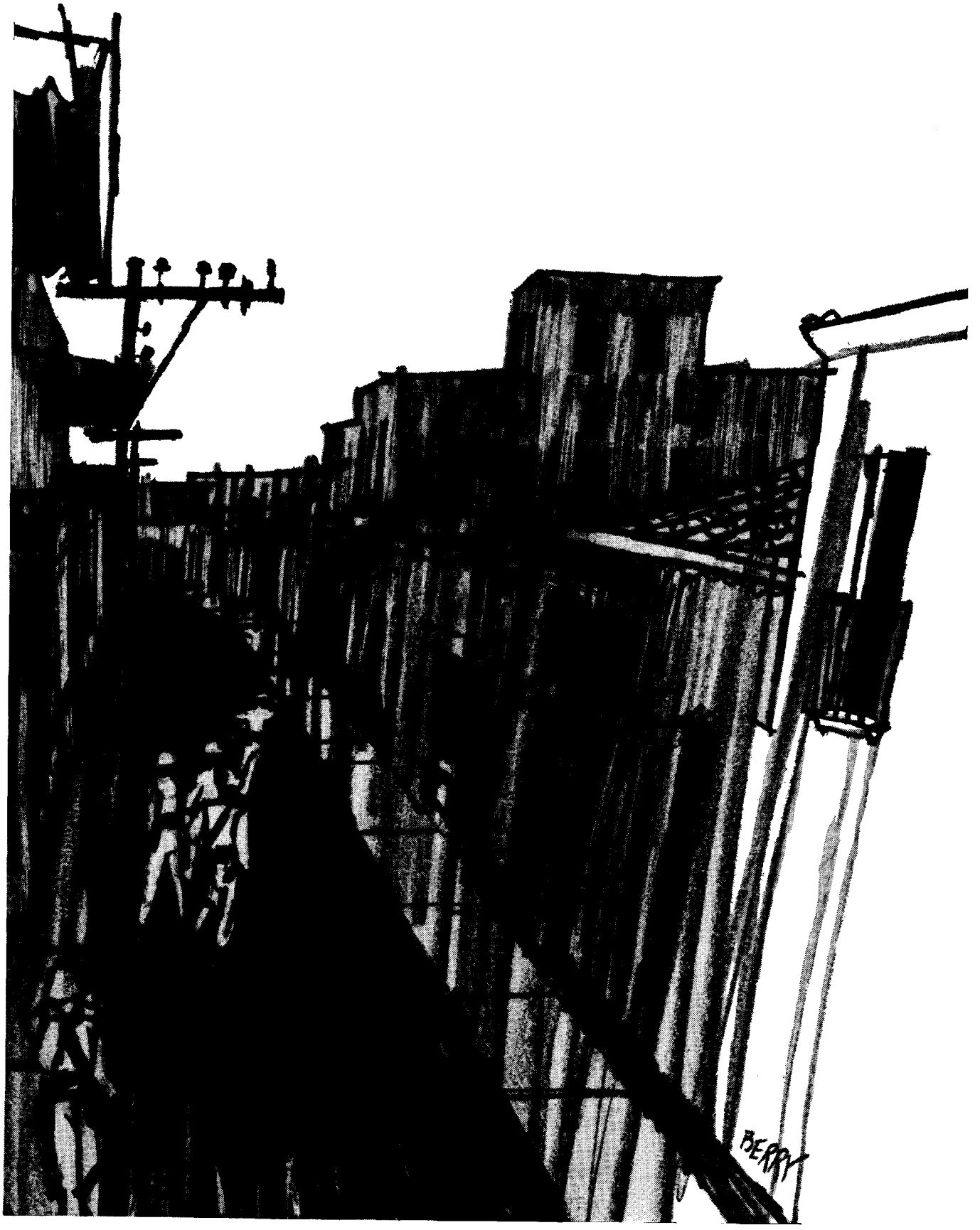

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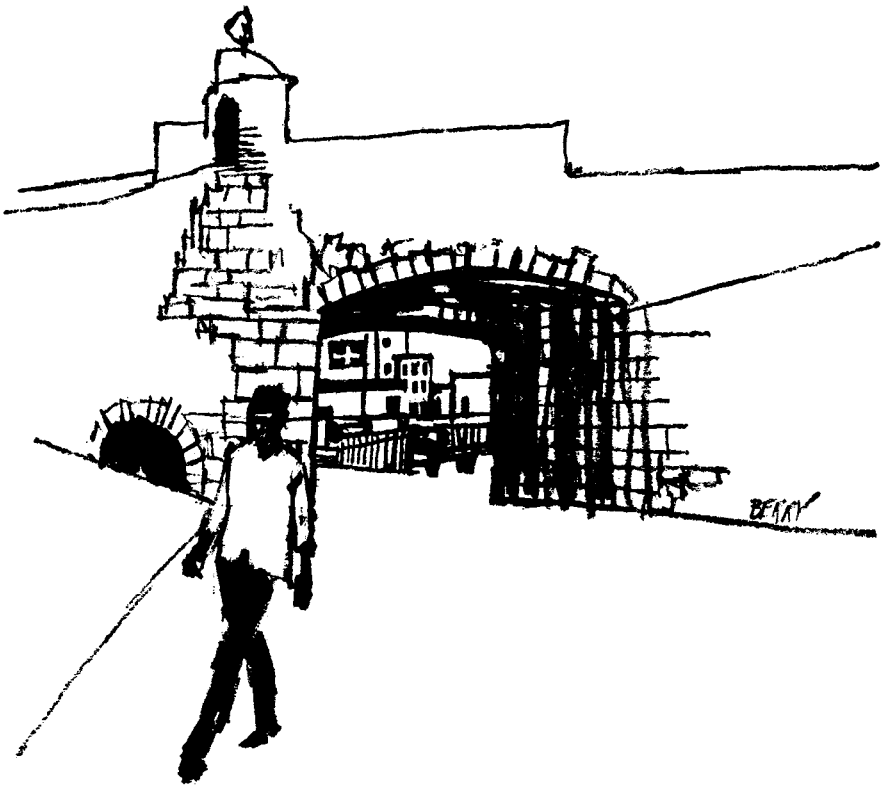
points without any prior notice, appointment, or introduction of any kind. My driver was a Dominican boy who said that he would have to leave me at the barricades—automobiles have been seized and their drivers impressed into service. I didn't argue with him, but as we neared the sandbags and barbed wire, he must have felt that his *machismo* was at stake for he said, "Oh, what the hell! I'll go with you."

We drove through after one thorough search of the car for weapons, and were submitted to another, just as politely, a block beyond. From there on, the streets were relatively deserted, but the garbage was piled neatly into little heaps in the gutters, the improvised police were directing traffic on their boxes efficiently and with a lot more élan than in the security zone, and every male in sight carried sidearms, a rifle, or a submachine gun. The Calle Condé, the city's shopping thoroughfare, was jammed with people going about their business, women in curlers, and children playing soccer with tin cans.

A dozen heavily armed guards were lounging on the steps of the Copello Building, several on camp stools with their automatic weapons across their knees. They stepped up to the car and asked me what I wanted. I explained that I was a journalist and that Juan Bosch had suggested I talk to Peña Gómez. Peña, whom I knew from my stay here in 1962-1963, is an idealistic and emotional young Negro. He is the only important member of Bosch's Dominican Revolutionary Party (PRD) in the rebel high command. It was he who led the initial attack on Radio Santo Domingo on April 24. In the short time he controlled it, he gave the first call to arms and organized an effective "walkathon" of hundreds of Dominicans before the television cameras—people from the slums vowing that they were prepared to die for their country's freedom. Later, he reportedly informed the U.S. embassy that "Communists are infiltrating positions of importance and it is very difficult to stop them." He was reported to have been a moderating voice in curbing anti-Yankee sentiment in the first days of the intervention, and I had already asked



Ambassador Bennett why this was so. "Perhaps," remarked the ambassador, "it is because he remembered that it was I who intervened twice in his behalf when President Donald Reid wanted to deport him." But Peña Gómez was not there, and Colonel Caamaño was laid up with asthma.

I was taken upstairs and introduced to Lieutenant Colonel Carmelo Lora Fernández, the rebel chief of staff, who is a graduate of the U.S. Army Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia. Next, Hector Aristy, the spokesman and perhaps the brains of the rebel movement, came in and answered my questions for half an hour. No one interrupted the three of us during this talk, and nothing was said that added to what I knew already. I was told that Colonel Caamaño stands firm in his claim to be the legitimate heir to the presidency under the terms of succession laid down in the constitution of 1963; that he remains the deputy of Juan Bosch until the time comes round for a new election; that there are no Communists in the rebel command; that the rebels are not anti-American, no matter how much they deplore the intervention that snatched victory from them; that they wish to be left alone. Said Aristy, with a note of sadness in his voice and shaking his head: "I just cannot understand your government. The thing I have always admired about it the most is that your military establishment, unlike ours, has been historically subservient to the policy of the elected President. Why is this no longer so?" Nothing that I said could change his mind about the existence of some Pentagon "conspiracy" to saddle the Dominicans permanently with Trujillista despots. And nothing he said could convince me that Ambassador Bennett had "panicked" on April 28.

"Have you seen any of those 'fifty-three Communists' they talk about?" Aristy said.

"Of course not. If they are here, you'd be foolish to let anyone see them."

"Your own reporters admit that some people on that list were conservatives and one was a fifteen-year-old."

"No question that the list was hastily improvised. That's not the point. In a total breakdown of law and order, how many disciplined operators does it take? Perhaps fewer than fifty-three. How many did it take in Russia in 1917 in proportion to the population? Did it take more than Raúl Castro and Che

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Guevara to guide the Cuban revolution into the Soviet fold?"

He laughed. "And to control these few you needed 30,000 troops?"

"Could fewer have separated a city like this, with house-to-house communications? There were more than that number—heavily armed—to be separated.

"You think we are Communists?"

"No. I think the Communists want us to leave, so that you and Imbert can fight it out. Then they'll step in—as they might have on April 28."

WHILE THE REBELS were digging in for a long siege, the man whose banner they were carrying sat in his Puerto Rican exile fighting the war of polemics he knows so well. I talked with Juan Bosch in San Juan the night before I flew to Santo Domingo. I had last seen him in the Presidential Palace just after his inauguration in 1963. Seven months later he had been ousted in a bloodless coup by Wessín and Imbert and others, and very few of the six hundred thousand who had overwhelmingly elected him in the republic's first completely free election seemed to be upset about it. He had managed to alienate almost everyone from the Right to the Left, including even a substantial number of his own party, because he failed to delegate authority, stalled in carrying out promised social reforms, and frightened business and the armed forces without curbing any of their arbitrary powers.

Bosch is an intellectual, a literary man, a political theorist, and an orator who has spent most of his adult life as an embittered and combative exile. The point was made obliquely by his friend Dr. Jaime Benítez, chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico, who drove me to Bosch's house in Bayamón. Benítez, who deplores the intervention but who worked with the McGeorge Bundy mission in Santo Domingo, thinks that "All Latin-American intellectuals are caught in the vise (you can also spell it vice) of their own rhetoric and linguistic image. They are not makers of policy. They are thinking: 'How will I look to history? Will I be called somebody's puppet?' "

Bosch has lost none of his charm—or dogmatism. He began by stereotyping Ambassador Bennett, who shares with Under Secretary of State Thomas C. Mann the burden of rebel opprobrium, as "a Southern aristocrat who can't abide any faction that isn't 'his kind of people.' " Mann, he added, "liked Donald Reid because he saw in him the latest-model American Latin American, auto-sales-manager version." What really baffled Bosch was that John Bartlow Martin, who he said had given him "real support when he was ambassador and when the U.S. military mission was doing everything in its power to undermine me through the Dominican Army," now had turned to Imbert, who he said had helped to overthrow

him. Martin, he supposed, was the victim of his ulcers: "His hands shook. He saw Communists hiding everywhere."

I asked him whether it was true that Martin had offered him help at the time of the September, 1963, coup. "He offered it," Bosch said, "but then he came back to the palace and said, 'The fleet is thirty-eight hours away.' By that time I was done for, so I said, 'Thanks. Forget it.' "

The Reluctant Leader

I asked Bosch why he hadn't flown to the Dominican Republic when the revolt broke out on April 24, or two days later, when the rebels were carrying everything before them. He answered that Wessín controlled the air. This was a lame excuse. Perhaps, as a matter of fact, it is a key not only to Bosch's failure to take action when he was president but also to the curious role—messianic, above the battle, but inflammatory—that he has played in the past weeks. Imbert was to tell me later that the Dominican Air Force controlled only the San Isidro base, that Bosch could have landed at Punta Cauceda or at a provincial field, as some newsmen in chartered planes did. One of Bosch's closest associates said that if the exiled leader had landed in the provinces, by plane or by boat, "his progress to the capital would have been like Napoleon's triumphal march from Antibes to Paris after he escaped from Elba." But Juan Bosch is not really a leader of men. He prefers to sit in Puerto Rico, righteously indignant over those who have "betrayed" him, colorfully witty in his fury over the United States intervention.

"*You* created the problem," he concluded. "There is no solution to it. It's your problem, not ours. Imbert is your creation, just as Wessín was before him." His eyes under the craggy white brows wrinkled in a smile. "So? What are you going to do with him? Thomas Mann is a smart man—maybe he'll find a way to get out of what he got into. The Dominicans have their own problems, however. Different ones. We can't solve them while you're solving your problems on our territory. As far as we're concerned, you're only making Communists out of Dominicans, and the longer you stay the more you'll make."

Juan Bosch's personality, more than his actions or inaction, led to his overthrow. Bosch could have united Dominicans after the election had he gone to his rival, Dr. Viriato Fiallo, leader of the conservative National Civic Union (UCN), and embraced him; instead he poured scorn upon the old man who had stayed in Santo Domingo and opposed Trujillo for years. Nor did he have anything to lose by complimenting the Council of State, which included Donald Reid and General Imbert, on the magnificent job it had done in governing the country and superintending free elections that went against the UCN convictions of most of its seven members. Instead he accused the council of the grossest crimes, proving none of his charges and alienating all the interests the council represented, including the Catholic Church. The combination

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of all these circumstances, in addition to Bosch's ingrained suspicion of U.S. motives, his "principled" refusal to call upon American aid to save him, and his naïve faith that the Trujillista army would leave him alone if he left it alone, led to his downfall.

The Forgotten Man

The same people who overthrew Bosch took advantage of Donald Reid's overthrow nineteen months later, but for different reasons. Whereas Bosch was a moderate of the Left, Reid was a moderate of the Right, and there was remarkably little difference between what each did while he was in office. Both men practiced a kind of austerity that was highly unpopular with business without gaining them an iota of support among the peasants or the urban proletariat. Reid even had the government workers against him; at the time of the revolt, they hadn't been paid in five months. Both were personally honest. Both were unbelievably inefficient. Both were under constant attack in *El Caribe* and *Listín Diario,* the capital's two most influential newspapers, and on the radio and TV. Both, but Reid especially, spent more time preparing to stay in power beyond their term than in making fundamental social reforms. Finally, both men were overthrown by the military.

Since his overthrow on April 25, Donald Reid has been so much the forgotten man in Santo Domingo that my initial inquiries as to his whereabouts were met with "He must be dead," "He's a prisoner," "He's flown the coop," or just "Who knows?" I located him, as it happened, through one of his sharpest critics, the editor of *Listín Diario,* Rafael Herrera Cabral, who is a distant relative of Reid's. To the accompaniment of booming frogs in the garden and machine-gun fire in the distance, Herrera was explaining his view that the only possible way to peace is a long OAS stewardship until, as he put it, "Our failure to compromise could be gradually eroded away. The more revolutions occur, in a country like ours, the harder it becomes to achieve any of the social progress the revolutions were mounted to bring about."

It was at this point that I ventured to ask Herrera's son-in-law, a close friend of Donald Reid, whether he would put me in touch with the former president. He went to the telephone, came back, and, although it was going on midnight, told me that Reid would receive me at once. I drove to the address he gave me and rang the bell. Reid, the frail, blue-eyed son of a Scotch father and an aristocratic Dominican mother, opened the door himself. He was in shirtsleeves, looking even more haggard and burning-eyed than usual, and was entirely alone. I asked him whether he didn't feel in danger. He replied that he considered it a point of honor to remain for the duration of the crisis.

"I DID NOTHING, after all, but what I considered to be my duty," he said. "If they want to kill me for that, I am here, at their service. From the point of view of my own interests, I *should* go abroad. I'm completely broke. I refused to take a salary. I paid three times in taxes what I received for expenses. The mobs totally destroyed my automobile-sales agency. All cars are sold on long-term notes here, and nobody, friend or enemy, will feel obligated to pay up now that I'm out. I owe the company a fortune. I'll have to go abroad, find a job, and try to pay my debts. Meanwhile," he added with a wry smile, "I'm writing a memoir of what happened, and reading a book a day, something I haven't had time to do for five years.

"If I had it to do over again," he went on in response to my questions, "I think I would do exactly what I did. My course was unpopular, but

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it was the only honest one." He paused. "With one exception: I think perhaps I should have shut down *Listín Diario*. I allowed absolute freedom of speech, but I was needled so mercilessly and so unethically that the conspirators in the armed forces were given every encouragement to stage a coup."

I asked Reid if he wouldn't have been wise not to seek election—for the presumption that he intended to run in the elections scheduled for September and to use his powers to stay in office as heir to the illegal anti-Bosch coup of September, 1963, was certainly a prime factor in his overthrow.

"I had as much right to run as any man," he replied, "but I would not have become a candidate unless a whole set—and I emphasize the word 'set'—of parties had come to me and asked me to. So far they hadn't." In fact, it would have been a miracle if even two of the badly splintered small parties of the Right had joined forces to back a candidate.

Before I left, I asked if he could conceive of circumstances in which he might stage a comback. He smiled. "Wasn't it Lenin who said, 'The only politician who never comes back is a dead one?' Things here go in cycles. Our government is a tiger. If you ride it you must be prepared to guide it by its ears. Yes, I *can* conceive of trying again!"

I DECIDED to leave Santo Domingo and view conditions at first hand in the countryside, where few correspondents had gone. The Organization of American States was favoring a plebiscite to allow the Dominican people to vote for or against a return to the Bosch constitution of 1963, to be followed by formation of a government to serve out the remainder of Juan Bosch's term. This is the solution favored by Luis Muñoz Marín. The former governor of Puerto Rico told me, "What is past is past, and our whole effort must be engaged to resuscitate Dominican democracy." This can be accomplished, he suggested, by placing our weight behind the plebiscite and the constitution, which he called "the charter of the majority that came to power in a free election." If, as Muñoz expects would happen, the Dominicans approved the OAS plan, the question would remain, Who could be found to head such a government? The White House team of Special Presidential Assistant McGeorge Bundy, Under Secretary Mann, Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus Vance, and Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Jack Hood Vaughn had also been wrestling with the problem and had tried unsuccessfully to get Caamaño and Imbert to step aside in favor of a compromise coalition government headed by Bosch's former minister of agriculture, Antonio Guzmán. Another name prominently mentioned was my old friend Tomás Pastoriza, a textile manufacturer of Santiago. I decided to add his views to those I had collected in the politics-ridden capital.

Building on the Ruins

There were nineteen junta checkpoints along the hundred-mile drive from Santo Domingo to Santiago de los Caballeros, the republic's second city and the capital of one of the richest agricultural regions on earth. As a result, I had plenty of time to make my own poll of public opinion, en route, and it did not jibe with Imbert's claim to have the backing of the countryside. The results, very roughly, were: in favor of Imbert, ten per cent; of Caamaño, forty per cent; No Comment, fifty per cent. But, as one Imbert man in the town of La Vega said to us, "You won't get many to admit that they're for Imbert—they're too afraid of being branded reactionaries, Trujillistas, or Yankee lovers." Branded by whom, he didn't say.

With me on this drive to Santiago went another old friend, the very candid socialist and patriot Buenaventura Sánchez, who had spent most of his mature years fighting Trujillo. Once Bosch's minister of education, he now heads a PRD faction that has split with Bosch. He was outspokenly in favor of our intervention: "This is not 1916, when every Dominican was opposed, and rightly so, to the American occupation. Today we are divided on the question—and I speak of the average man, not the *tutumpotes* [Bosch's term for the filthy rich] or the tragically disoriented students who spearhead the mobs in the streets. There are many like myself who recognize that the American intervention this time saved our country—if it can be saved—for a second chance to become a democracy. We have come to this conclusion because we are painfully aware of our own shortcomings. We are a sanguinary people in times of crisis, impatient, politically immature, ready to shed blood without asking ourselves first what it is we want. Even the Cubans are less impatient. When Fidel Castro, who was never a man to count the cost in lives, came to power, five hundred men were killed. Two or three times that number were killed here in the first few days of this revolt. Had the United States not intervened, tens of thousands would have been shot, whichever side prevailed. And if one faction or the other is permitted to take power today or tomorrow, it will be a matter of a very short time before the same thing happens, regardless of the present leadership. The Communists will not play a dominant role in our country until all the patriots and moderate men have been killed. When that happens, it will take less than the fifty-three on Ambassador Bennett's list to build a totalitarian satellite on the ruins of my country."

On my visit to Santo Domingo last February 1, when Donald Reid was still in power but his popularity with all parties was reaching its nadir, I had wondered whether it was too late even then for a nonpolitical régime. Then as now, Sánchez and I had talked to Tomás Pastoriza, both of us thinking that he alone might provide the needed disinterested leadership. Pastoriza had dodged the

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question whether he would be interested in the presidency. In summary, he had said this:

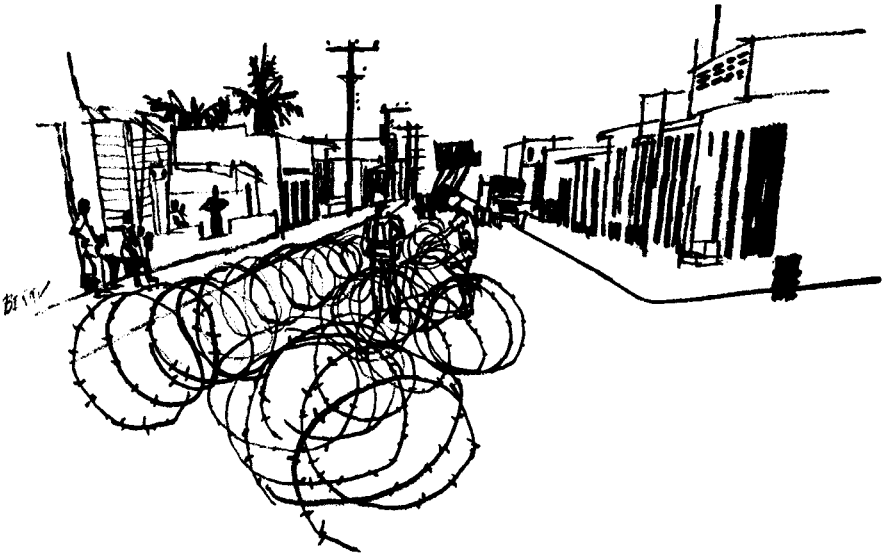
Trujillo, at least, was industrializing agriculture. Today the process has been reversed and has retrogressed to where it was in 1930. The industrialists are all mercantilists, living in the capital, abandoning agriculture to the subsistence farmers, borrowing to build luxury homes for rental, and banking the profits abroad. Only Haitians—thousands of whom are "bootlegged" into the country—would cut the cane or do any hard labor in the provinces. Dominican labor drifts into the capital looking for jobs in construction or as domestics, and becomes declassed. The end result is bound to be a Communist takeover as fewer and fewer in the capital control more and more of the country's deteriorating assets.

"Donnie Reid," he had said, "is doing nothing to reverse this trend. Diversified agriculture—not for quick or big profits, but for *man*, is the answer. And without mass education to get Dominicans fired up about this we face disaster. The only tiny little bit of hope I can hold out is that I was applauded recently for saying in a speech to some businessmen that our economy and the Haitians' must be integrated. They must provide the labor, and we must feed them. There is no other way out, for either people."

PASTORIZA is one of the foremost citizens of the Dominican Republic in balance, intelligence, efficiency, and vision. When I found him in Santiago I asked him the same question that I had asked him in February: "Ellsworth Bunker and his OAS team will be coming to see you, I'm sure. Will you take the presidency if it's offered to you?" "I just wonder whether this country *can* be run democratically after this," he replied thoughtfully. "And who wants to be a dictator? I'd sacrifice myself, certainly, if there were any point. You show me the point and I'll put my head in the noose. Look. Who is winning today? Neither side. The Dominican people are losing." He paused. "You people made one mistake."

"One? I thought we made several!"

"Why did President Johnson have to announce that the Marines were landing to save American lives? Why didn't he announce that they were landing to save Dominican lives—and Dominican democracy?



"What we have in Ciudad Nueva today," he continued, "is a coalition of the aggrieved. They began by being aggrieved against Reid and his austerity program. This coalition is manipulated by opportunists like Hector Aristy, and no doubt by the Communists, who have no reason to show their faces. Caamaño is not a Communist. He was the youngest, least studious, and most rebellious of the three sons of Trujillo's police chief, so they took him out of school and put him in the armed forces—where else?

"Isn't it a wonderful tragicomedy? The two top men in this country today are sixth-graders! One is this colonel and the other is this general who isn't a general, who killed Trujillo because Trujillo executed his brother. And now the so-called intellectuals of this country are lining up behind these two big luminaries, and where is Bosch's PRD with all its principles in all this? Except for you, Buenaventura, and your followers, perhaps, gone—"

I asked Pastoriza if he thought Caamaño could ever agree to a nonpolitical government not based on the PRD constitution of 1963.

"It would be hard. Those who insist on the constitution are those who hold him up and put the words in his mouth. Only the Communists could have dreamed up this new slogan of constitutionalism, of saving that poor old charter that they whipped up in such a hurry in 1963. Constitutionalism—which everybody is for, naturally!—is now the Communists' admitted aim here, isn't it? Listen to Radio Havana. No one else had the experience to think of anything so diabolically clever!"

I suggested that former President Joaquín Balaguer, who succeeded Trujillo, might turn out to be the beneficiary of the leaderless Dominican situation.

"Precisely," Pastoriza agreed, "and sadly if one is historical-minded and contemplates the years when Balaguer was Trujillo's puppet. Yet Balaguer, for what he did to keep the dictator's family from returning and for his largesse to the poor during that period in 1961-1962, is popular with many classes of Dominicans today. If he and Bosch could get together in Puerto Rico, they could solve the problem. But Bosch is too hysterical and messianic. And Balaguer is too coldly intellectual. I will say this for Balaguer. He's the only politician willing to forget his personal ambitions, however much he wants to run for president. He does call for Dominicans of all parties and classes to unite. If he backed another man it might save the country."

If "another man" could be someone with the integrity of a Pastoriza or a Sánchez, and if the OAS could manage to purge the Trujillista army of its coup-minded commanders, Dominican democracy might indeed have a second chance.

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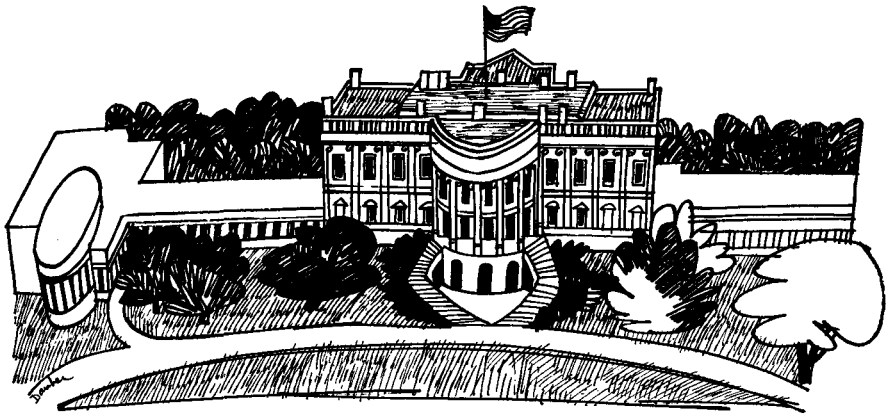

The Lady in the East Wing

MEG GREENFIELD

LAST OCTOBER, when Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson's campaign train, the "Lady Bird Special," made its scheduled stop in Mobile, Alabama, the heckling and jeering became so intense that a woman in the crowd felt moved to protest, "She's the President's wife. . . ."

"Anybody can be a wife," someone in the crowd replied. "She's got no position."

In a way, they both were right. By tradition and by courtesy, a certain amount of the President's prestige and authority—a sort of secondary Presidential presence—accrues to the First Lady. But the institution of First Lady as such is an informally organized one. Its precedents are not binding; its mandate (if any) is vague; and what have come to be considered its modern-day requirements are not provided for in the White House budget. Accordingly, the institution is recreated by each new White House wife, or—from time to time—just left lying there.

When Mrs. Johnson assumed the role twenty months ago, it was widely speculated that she would be a highly political and public-minded First Lady. And, in fact, she has undertaken ceremonial duties formerly left to an idle Vice-President and political duties formerly performed by top Presidential aides or by the President himself. But Mrs. Johnson's conception of her job appears to be radically different from that of Mrs. Roosevelt, with whom she has been compared and who managed to create and pursue a remarkably independent public life as First Lady. What Lady Bird Johnson has done is to integrate the traditionally frivolous and routine aspects of East Wing life into the overall purposes of the administration and to enlist the peculiar assets of First Ladyhood itself in the administration's behalf. They are assets no one fully understood until Mrs. Johnson moved into the White House—or at least no one fully understood their potential political clout.

FOR doing nothing more than expressing an interest in Washington slum conditions, the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was condemned for meddling in the affairs of men; and her predecessor, Mrs. William Howard Taft, once caused a flap in the press by merely writing a letter that was construed as an attempt to intervene in the nation's foreign policy. A deep and nervous suspicion appears to be fundamental to American political thinking about First Ladies, as the second Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Warren G. Harding, and Eleanor Roosevelt all had reason to know. Given her reputation as a successful businesswoman and campaigner, plus her husband's frequent description of her as one of his primary political advisers, Mrs. Johnson clearly stood to rouse the ancient bogies when she became First Lady. It is probably no accident that the projects with which she became identified are those generally acknowledged to be the appropriate concern of women—that part of the poverty program dealing with children, and the beautification effort now encompassed in legislation before Congress. Mrs. Johnson has organized her East Wing operation in such a way as to stress the complementary role she means to play—no small accomplishment of tact, since that operation involves liaison officers who represent her in some agencies of government; regular dealings with West Wing Presidential aides; and, as a product of Mrs. Johnson's trips and conferences, telephoned reports and suggestions to agency heads. Because it is correctly assumed in Washington that Mrs. Johnson does not make her interventions without the President's prior approval, the attention she receives is usually rapt.

"At first I sort of walked around on tiptoe," Mrs. Johnson told me recently of her initial response to the remorseless scrutiny by the press, the public, and the Congress that is every First Lady's reward. (Television and the still camera are not particularly kind to Mrs. Johnson, who has

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a far lighter and gentler manner than the one they record.) But even in the pre-election phase of Mr. Johnson's Presidency when the First Lady had yet to decide upon her proper role in his administration, it was evident that she had determined to run a serious and professional shop in the East Wing.

Mrs. Johnson instituted press briefings on East Wing activities by Mrs. Elizabeth S. Carpenter, her uncommonly talented and resourceful staff director. The size of the First Lady's staff itself was increased to around ten persons, many of whom were as notable for their political experience and savvy as for their way with a floral centerpiece. Between Mrs. Carpenter, who covered Washington as a reporter for many years, and social secretary Bess Abell, who is the daughter of former Senator Earle C. Clements of Kentucky and the wife of an Assistant Postmaster General, the impolitic social oversight has become pretty much a thing of the past.

For her own part, Mrs. Johnson early on undertook a number of trips to poverty areas, the Marshall Space Flight Center, and finally campaign trouble spots. For such trips, as well as for Washington encounters with the diplomatic corps, she has from the beginning insisted upon full and serious briefings. McGeorge Bundy provided her with background on the partial test-ban treaty before her trip into the South, for example, and she personally called the Council of Economic Advisers to discuss economic data she might use in a series of speeches she was giving. While she still is not particularly fond of public speaking, she has done more than her share of it; and because she takes up substantive issues in her speeches, she frequently is in consultation with members of her husband's staff—in particular Horace Busby, Jr., Eric Goldman, and Jack Valenti.

No More Bandage Rolls

Mrs. Johnson also is in fairly steady communication with persons on the Democratic National Committee, agency officials, and a growing army of volunteer workers who compensate for her limited budget for a professional staff and who comprise what is known as Mrs. Johnson's "operation." In one capacity or another she has used the services of such people as Laurance Rockefeller, Mrs. Hale Boggs, Mrs. James H. Rowe, Nathaniel Owings of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, S. Dillon Ripley of the Smithsonian Institution, and multitudes of Congressional, White House, and cabinet wives. No table of organization exists for this unusual collection of committees, emissaries, borrowed and lent bureaucrats, and businessmen—except in the mind of Mrs. Carpenter, who is alleged to be the only person in town who knows who they all are and what they are doing.

The mobilization of volunteers has been a particularly successful innovation, since much of the President's domestic legislation is aimed at problems whose solution requires a high degree of interplay between Federal, state, and local governments

and between all these and private groups—civic, religious, social welfare, and business organizations. Such organizations are a natural object of a First Lady's attention. Many of them are run by women volunteers, and they can deal with the government through Mrs. Johnson on a kind of semi-official to semi-official basis. Or, they can deal through Mrs. Johnson's volunteer committees, which are made up for the most part of displaced official wives, many of whom are extremely well informed about conditions in their home states, as well as being rather bored with the life of cookie chomping and marginal good works they are expected to pursue. The Senate wives, for example, still meet weekly in full Red Cross dress to fold bandages. With thirty years of Washington life and presumably many miles of gauze behind her, Mrs. Johnson was aware of the reservoir of unused talent to be tapped.

An example of the way all this works is Project Head Start, the crash program which is authorized under Title II of the Economic Opportunity [Poverty] Act and which aims at bringing children from poor families up to a standard of health and comprehension that will give them a chance of success when they enter school. It is calculated that ninety per cent of the children in the program will never have had a medical examination before and that many will have to be taught such rudimentary skills as how to sit in a chair. Sargent Shriver, director of the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), last winter asked Mrs. Johnson if she would entertain a group that had come to Washington to work on Head Start, by way of gaining some attention for their efforts. Mrs. Johnson responded by inviting a few potentially interested and helpful guests and asked that Shriver's group be prepared to make a sort of working-explaining session out of the event. She and her guests were impressed by both the intent of the program and the difficulty of carrying it out by next fall.

In co-operation with Shriver's office, Mrs. Johnson worked up a White House conference on Head Start last February. The conferees included not only representatives of social welfare and other organizations that would be participating directly in the program, but also the wives of Federal and state officials whose interest would be of special value. This particular bit of wisdom has already been proved out, especially as it concerns governors' wives. The enthusiasm with which both Mrs. Orval Faubus and Mrs. Hulett C. Smith left the White House conference is said to have led specifically to the surprising response to Head Start in Arkansas and West Virginia.

In the absence of statehouse concern, the trick for the Head Start planners was to get the poorer counties of the country apprised of the Federal program in time to set up

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acceptable projects. For that purpose, Mrs. Johnson organized a special volunteer committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. Boggs and including such wives of high officialdom as Mrs. Arthur Goldberg, wife of the Supreme Court justice; Mrs. E. William Henry, wife of the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission; and Mrs. Frank Church, wife of the Idaho senator. They set about creating an elaborate communications network. They made phone calls, wrote letters, gave speeches, and, since they had no appropriated funds of their own, took advantage of every trip they heard a sympathetic Washingtonian might be taking, asking that the traveler make contact with the appropriate local agencies and/or give a speech about Head Start. While no one has claimed that the committee, which reported directly to Mrs. Johnson, single-handedly set up the Head Start program, OEO officials are frank to state that its activities were largely responsible for the unexpected enrollment in the program. Since the February conference, the program's budget has had to be increased to around $95 million—five times the original estimate—to accommodate the more than 550,000 children who have been qualified for help.

THE MANNER in which Mrs. Johnson has been able to put to use what many consider strictly Helen Hokinson-style pursuits was foreshadowed and has been repeated in her political activities. When other lines of political communication have been cut off, it somehow always remains possible for one official's wife to hand another's a big bouquet of yellow roses. For all her interest in government and party affairs, Mrs. Johnson, by eschewing an independent and controversial role, paradoxically conserved a great political asset: the right of access and the due of courtesy that go with being an official's wife, nothing more.

She has proved willing to invest such capital. Reportedly, the whistle-stop trip through the South last fall was the First Lady's idea and one that she was obliged to work hard at selling to the President, who was apprehensive of the personal and political consequences of the incidents that were bound to occur. "I had got letter after letter," Mrs. Johnson explained recently, "that said we're still fighting, but it's getting lonely down here." She was referring to middle-road Democrats supporting the Johnson-Humphrey ticket, and she added: "I didn't think we should let the South go by default." Congressman Boggs and former Governor Buford Ellington of Tennessee were among those who made the trip with her, but when they or others sought to intervene on her behalf with some of the rowdies who showed up to jeer her, the First Lady made it plain that she neither needed nor wanted help. "I did not expect this to be an easy assignment," she said at one point. "Let me handle it." She was accompanied by some wives, such as Mrs. Herman Talmadge of Georgia, whose husbands had conspicuously failed

to campaign for the President, and she was greeted by countless local and state officials who regarded it as proper to pay their respects to the First Lady, whereas appearing with the President would have exceeded the bounds of what they considered politically prudent.

The procedure included picking up these officials at one stop and letting them off at the next. They would get on at the third car from the back, where they would be entertained by Mrs. Boggs, Mrs. Luther Hodges, and other "Ladies for Lyndon" in the "hospitality section." From there they would proceed to the second car from the back, where they would visit with Mrs. Johnson and her aides. Finally they reached the rear car, where they chatted with whatever governors, senators, or other brass might be aboard. Before disembarking they would appear at the next stop, where, from the rear platform of the car, many of them issued endorsements of the Democratic ticket unforeseen by everyone—including, and especially, themselves.

The Peacemaker

However Mrs. Johnson and her company effected these conversions, it is likely that she did as much listening as talking. The First Lady, who is a habitual notetaker, has variously described herself as "a link" between the President and the public and as his "eyes and ears" on the frequent trips she makes. She has retained an unusual capacity to perceive and remember in the midst of a kaleidoscopic profusion of dignitaries, welcomers, bearers of gifts, doers of good, and special pleaders. This responsiveness constitutes something of a hidden resource of her husband's administration. She has functioned as a buffer, a soother, and, on occasion, a peacemaker for the President—especially, according to Jack Valenti, "when someone has made a blunder and things are tense." In White House dealings with the political world outside Washington, it is said that she has few peers as a spotter of trouble and a knower of whom to call. Former Governor Ellington, who is now in Washington and who handles a good bit of the administration's business with the states, claims that he often calls upon the First Lady for advice about a particularly delicate situation in the hinterlands. And it is also known that she and her staff counseled the Democratic National Committee on the subtleties and dangers of the invitation lists for a variety of events during inauguration week.

When it comes to proffering advice to the President himself, very little is known of the First Lady's role, and that little is subject to wild misinterpretation. "I hope it is true," a correspondent wrote Mrs. Johnson shortly after she came to the White House, "that you are the power behind the throne." Nothing, according to those in proximity to the throne, could be farther from

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the truth. Mrs. Johnson communicates her views informally in what she calls "breakfast table talk," and she apparently does not seize initiatives so much as she responds to them. "I suspect," one White House aide has said, "the President has as much respect for her political judgment as he has for anyone's." At the same time, it is fairly plain that the President does not ask the First Lady about the advisability of sending ground troops to Vietnam. Reportedly Mrs. Johnson did intervene with the President on the subject of improving his somewhat raw relations with the press a while back, though she appears less involved in day-to-day problems than in the critical moments of his public career.

THERE ARE at least four conflicting versions, for example, of the role that Mrs. Johnson played in the President's decision in 1960 to accept the Vice-Presidential nomination, but no one who was around at the time denies that she was there and very much in on the deliberations. "Lady Bird tried to leave," the late Philip L. Graham of the Washington *Post* recorded in a memorandum which has just been published and which deals with that tense day. "Johnson and I lunged after her, saying she was needed on this one." According to Graham's account, Mrs. Johnson was also articulate on the fine but important question of who should treat with whom. When Speaker Sam Rayburn came in to ask Johnson to see Robert F. Kennedy, "Lady Bird intervened," Graham wrote, "apologizing by saying she had never argued with Mr. Sam but saying she now felt L.B.J. should not see Bobby."

Again when the news of the Walter Jenkins case broke in the last campaign, the First Lady was in Washington and the President in New York. Its effect on both is said to have been shattering. While the Presidential party in New York was still trying to arrive at a suitable public response, Mrs. Johnson, in the presence of a few friends, wrote out a statement she wished to release and rang the President in New York for his permission to release it. Thus, the first and controlling White House comment on the incident was an expression of sympathy and friendship for Jenkins and his family.

The First Lady will need every bit of the sensitivity and shrewdness she has displayed in the past in her current project, known by the deceptively sweet and simple-sounding name of "beautification." Who could be against beautification? The answer became clear at the recent two-day White House conference on the program. In the beginning, the First Lady had confined herself to the effort to beautify Washington, but as she became more interested in the subject she got into the national program as well. As Mrs. Johnson was quick to learn, beautification is about a lot more than auto graveyards, azalea planting, and heeding the counsel of Smokey the Bear. The urban renewers, the anti-urban renewers, the real-estate people, the billboard people, the air-polluting industries, the Federal regulators, and the laissez-faire school of thought —all these are elements that must be taken account of. According to Wolf Von Eckardt, who was called in as a architectural and city planning consultant for Mrs. Johnson, the First Lady has demonstrated willingness to face up to the profound contentions that the program —if it is done right—will create. But already in the capital it is possible to hear grumbling on the part of some of the beautifiers to the effect that the White House prefers to keep the program within the secure confines of the garden-club approach.

The issues that have emerged will test Mrs. Johnson's resourcefulness to the limit. And they will also test the viability of the role she has created. On this somewhat vexed question of "beauty," Mrs. Johnson is aware that she has involved herself with what she describes as "entrenched interests," but it seems unlikely that she will simply opt out of the problem or that her views about it, even if they are not publicly expressed, will not have an influence behind the scenes. If there is a short description that could fit her it is probably her own description of the wife of Governor John Connally of Texas, given in testimony to the Warren Commission. "Among her many other fine qualities," Mrs. Johnson reflected, "she is also tough."

Algeria: A Rude Awakening For the Left

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

AT THE MOMENT President Ahmed Ben Bella vanished from the Algerian stage last month, a team of Franco-Algerian negotiators had almost reached final agreement on a series of accords, especially one on oil, that would have guaranteed vital French interests in Algeria and cost the French taxpayers an unspecified but doubtless whopping sum for economic aid. Colonel Houari Boumedienne—or his successor—will turn out to be just as interested in cooperation with France as his predecessor was, it is firmly believed here, and the price will be equally stiff. Despite the French conviction that the economic constants in the Franco-Algerian power equation will con-

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tinue to outweigh the personal and ideological variables, however, the latest upheaval in France's former North African possession has shaken French opinion to a surprising degree. On the whole, the shock—for it was that—appears to have been a healthy one. After freeing their minds from the last delusions of empire, the French are now learning to take a hard second look at the mirages of decolonization.

NATURALLY, the rightist opposition here is seeking to exploit the situation to discredit President de Gaulle's whole Algerian policy from the Evian Conference onwards. "I recall the immense Franco-Moslem rejoicings of May 13 [1958]," Serge Groussard, the star reporter of the conservative *L'Aurore,* wrote from Algiers after Ben Bella's arrest. "That was the springtime and the hope of Algeria. Today all is darkness and mourning." Groussard's funereal tone, he made it clear, was not inspired by the Algerian dictator's fall but by the miserable plight, which now seems to be coming home to many Frenchmen for the first time, of the Algerian nation itself. Another noted opposition writer, Raymond Cartier, seized on the occasion in a talk broadcast by Radio Luxembourg to reiterate his favorite doctrine—denounced by Gaullists as Cartierism—that for France, charity should begin at home.

President de Gaulle is unlikely to be swayed by such oblique attacks on his Algerian policy, and it is doubtful that any new mess in Algeria will retroactively discredit his earlier decision to relinquish it, as the opposition seems to hope. There are a number of small signs, however, that de Gaulle himself may be reevaluating his Algerian commitment in the light of recent developments.

One encouraging symptom is the hard-mindedness displayed by the pro-government press and the French radio and television networks in commenting on the postponement of the Afro-Asian Conference, to which they had earlier appeared to attach disproportionate importance. A month or two ago, some of the wilder left-wing Gaullists were even speculating about the possibility of de Gaulle's being invited to address the conference along with Fidel Castro and President Tito. No qualified observers took this fantasy seriously, but there was talk about Ben Bella's coming on a state visit to France just before or after the conference in order to underscore de Gaulle's paternal feelings not only toward Algeria but also toward the underdeveloped, nonaligned nations generally. The French government now seems in no hurry to invite Colonel Boumedienne. Even if he did come, it would not have the same significance as a Ben Bella visit, since he is neither a folk hero to left-wing intellectuals nor a former bank

robber and jailbird in the eyes of French conservatives. All in all, some of the bloom seems to be wearing off the dream formerly cherished by certain Gaullists of France's emergence as the tutelary power of the whole Third World.

The Fallen Idol

Gaullist disillusionment with Algeria, while unlikely to alter the basic policy of Franco-Algerian partnership in certain fields, may help the present slight relaxation in Franco-American relations. When local Communists recently launched a subtle whispering campaign alleging that French governmental spokesmen, in turn, were whispering to the press that there was United States plotting behind the Algerian putsch, one of the most authoritative government spokesmen, in a quasi-public briefing, not only denied the Communist imputation but categorically denied that there had been any United States interference in Algeria to whisper about. It is quite a while since any Gaullist spokesman has gone out of his way to defend United States policy from Communist innuendo.

But perhaps the most striking thing about the Algerian putsch has been its traumatic impact on the minds of left-wing or neutralist French intellectuals to whom the mystique of the Third World had come to seem almost the path of spiritual redemption for a guilt-laden, overprivileged society. Ben Bella outranked even Castro or Tito in the hierarchy of the cult, and with his collapse it is as if another light had failed. Somehow the fact that the Algerian Caesar guessed wrong or simply slept too soundly has stripped him of all prestige, even in the eyes of those who most deplore his passing, and has reminded them of various features of his rule that they had chosen to overlook.

JEAN DANIEL, editor of the weekly *Nouvel Observateur* and archetype of the conscience-tormented left-wing intellectual in France, describes an experience in Algiers that came about as the result of a minor misapprehension on the part of the secret police. "Mistaken for another journalist, I was blindfolded and taken by car to a specially equipped villa," Daniel reported. "The spectacle was such as to make me glad that my hosts discovered their error before rather than after. The Algerian constitution is the only one in the world that expressly forbids torture, but neither under Ben Bella nor, I fear, since then has this clause of the constitution been enforced."

When one has spent a good part of one's leisure hours signing manifestos or attending protest rallies against the use of torture in Santo Domingo, Vietnam, the Congo, Alabama, and even France itself, such revelations can hardly fail to come as something of a shock. Torture in French Algeria, of course, but torture in a free, socialist, anti-colonialist Algeria—who could have believed it?

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Rochester Braces for Another July

JULES WITCOVER

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

BEFORE resigning as Rochester's city manager at the end of April, Porter W. Homer submitted his official report on last summer's riots, which resulted in five dead, 350 injured, 893 arrested, and about $1.5 million in property damage in two of the predominantly Negro wards.

"It is apparent," the report began, "that the Rochester community is tragically close to talking itself into another riot. Rumors periodically sweep the City, rumors that this or that date is to be the time for another outbreak of violence. Nothing could be more divisive, destructive or dangerous. Such rumors are the harbingers of holocausts."

On Joseph Avenue, where the first riot broke out at a Northeast Mothers Improvement Association block dance last July 24, a white woman who works in one of the stores looted that weekend said: "We see no change in the conditions that make these people restless and without hope. An awful lot of people are trying to help, but as far as I can see they just aren't reaching the people who rioted." The woman agreed with Homer's warning about Rochester "talking itself into another riot," and she told a reporter: "Don't put anything in that's inflammatory. Say we think everything's going to be calm."

The notion that loose talk can set off more riots this summer is an admission that deep and explosive Negro resentment remains. It also is another way of saying that all the actions taken in the past year to meet Negro grievances have as yet made little impression. Rochester's performance in the wake of the riots, while failing to alleviate the major complaints, has had some results that should have appealed to the Negro community. The police department has been reorganized, with a prominent Negro civil-rights militant as deputy commissioner; a $3-million anti-poverty program, including a $327,000 summer "crash" effort, has been launched under a Negro director; the National Urban League has been invited into the city and given a $44,413 budget by the Rochester Community Chest; new low-income housing units are being planned; and housing-code enforcement has been improved.

Who Speaks for the Negro?

But such accomplishments are obscured by the continuing disagreements between Rochester's whites and Negroes. Negro leaders disparage what has been done and contend that the whites still will not listen when they tell them that the Negro wards are as volatile as ever; white leaders reply that everyone professes to speak for the Negro community, and as a result nobody does.

City Manager Homer, in his final report, fired a parting shot at Rochester's Negro leadership. He blamed it, along with the city's public and private social agencies, for failing to make Negroes aware before the riots of the peaceful means of airing their grievances that were open to them. "All efforts to establish more direct and significant relationships will be wasted—and will be labeled as paternalistic—unless Negro leadership comes forward to use and encourage the use of these agencies," Homer wrote.

Civil-rights leaders like Robert A. Rhodes of the local NAACP chapter challenged Homer's statement, arguing that "Negro leaders are and always will be available, but they must be recognized." The area's highest-ranking Negro elective officeholder, Mrs. Constance Mitchell of the Monroe County Board of Supervisors, also attacked the Homer statement. But she acknowledged in a later interview that the city's civil-rights groups had fallen down on the job before and after the riots.

"Civil rights always was a bourgeois movement here," Mrs. Mitchell told me. "There never was room for the kids. . . . I went down to Selma, and when I came back the kids said, 'Hey, Mrs. Mitchell, why did you go down there? What good did it do you?' Why, they don't even know what the civil-rights movement in this country means."

Laplois Ashford, the new deputy police commissioner and a former NAACP firebrand, is another who blames ineffective civil-rights groups for failing to lead and to provide a normal outlet for Negro unrest. "One of the reasons deep-seated resentment came to the fore last summer," Ashford says, "was because there was no effective civil-rights organization in Rochester that could assure or lead people to have faith their complaints would be adequately presented."

THE INABILITY of civil-rights groups to take hold in Rochester baffles even local Negroes sympathetic to them. Some say the groups simply could not keep pace with the city's Negro population explosion during the last fifteen years. In 1950, Rochester had only 7,600 Negroes, a number easily absorbed or obscured in a city of about 300,000. But Southern migrant workers following the harvests north to the shores of Lake Ontario each fall began to settle there. By 1960 the Negro population had shot up to 23,500, and by 1964 some 32,000 were crowded into Rochester's "inner city," the deteriorating central areas abandoned by whites in the postwar flight to the suburbs. A few years ago, the NAACP and CORE tried to strengthen their local chapters but without notable success. Today, both function in the city, but few community leaders consider either to be a major force.

During last July's riots, NAACP leaders were praised for going into the riot areas and calling for order

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at a time when a mob of two thousand Negroes was in no mood for peacemaking. But in the first weeks after the riots the local civil-rights groups that might have been expected to take the initiative did not. Actually, the Rochester Area Council of Churches, concerned about a vacuum in Negro leadership, brought a team from Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference into Rochester for three weeks immediately after the riots. The council asked SCLC to stay for six months to try to channel Negro unrest into less volatile activities, but the request was turned down because of the organization's extensive duties in the South.

In place of SCLC, the Council of Churches turned to the Industrial Areas Foundation of Chicago and its controversial organizer of the poor, Dr. Saul D. Alinsky. The council gave the foundation a two-year $100,000 contract to organize Rochester's Negro community into a self-sufficient power bloc that could direct the emotions of last summer into nonviolent projects.

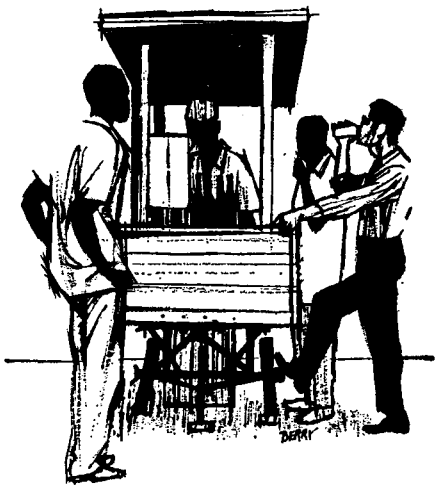
"We acted," says the Reverend Richard N. Hughes, executive director of the council, "after our Negro clergy had given us continuing reports across the board that nothing was happening, nothing significant, to cut into the mood of Negro sullenness and despair. We felt we had to get something started to put this protest into a constitutional framework. Communications have been very poor. The city administration has had thoughtful concern, but the question has been, Who is there to communicate with—who represents the Negro? . . . We had to move."

Finding the Good Guys

The council's announced intention to bring Alinsky into Rochester as a consultant, using privately solicited church funds only, triggered the reflex response the Chicago sociologist gets wherever he goes: animosity and fear. His system for mobilizing minority blocs—intentionally choosing areas of conflict within a community and fanning the sparks of discontent into what he calls "controlled anger"—already has marked him as the most controversial figure in the war on poverty.

While the Council of Churches sees Alinsky as a safety valve for Negro discontent, others are afraid that he will be a catalyst for violence, however unintentional. Alinsky himself, who employs a kind of tactical irreverence from the very beginning to distinguish the good guys from the bad, got the conflict rolling early in the spring with some choice observations about Rochester. He called it "a Southern plantation transplanted to the North" and a "little Congo." Such remarks delight his followers, but in the context of trying to avoid another riot, many consider them highly inflammatory.

A trained organizer of the Industrial Areas Foundation, Edward D. Chambers, came to Rochester in March. Since then, about seventy neighborhood and civic groups—including all the local civil-rights organizations—have thrown their support to the new Negro community



organization. Its name, FIGHT (for Freedom, Integration, God, Honor—Today), may be contrived, but it is an effective rallying cry. Chambers has attempted to mold small neighborhood groups into democratic units that elect their own officers and set up action committees to investigate grievances. Recently he organized a foray into two Rochester suburbs to picket owners of substandard dwellings in the inner-city Negro slums. Carrying signs asking, "Did You Know Your Neighbor is a Slumlord?," about eighty Negroes representing FIGHT forced one landlord to make repairs and another to vacate and board up his dilapidated property. The exercise was more a morale builder than anything else, but it helped to provide a nonviolent outlet for Negro bitterness and to warn what FIGHT calls "the structure" that more of the same is to come.

FROM ALL SIGNS, more controlled militancy from FIGHT will be forthcoming as the summer progresses. The organizational phase was concluded on June 11 at a convention of 1,200 delegates representing the smaller neighborhood groups. Franklin Florence, the Negro minister who was temporary chairman during the organizing phase, was elected president. Florence, a stocky, brooding man of thirty-one who wears a Malcolm X memorial button, told an interviewer: "We intend to see to it that business will not resume as usual for any program affecting blacks in this community."

Florence's words are underlined by many of the resolutions just adopted by the FIGHT convention. They include a demand for Negro representation on all city policy-making boards; for "collective bargaining rights . . . with Negro leaders the people elect, not the hired 'yes' men or the 'rubber stamp Toms' chosen by downtown people"; "direct negotiation" on Negro job placement with Eastman Kodak, Xerox, and other major industries; an end to labor-union discrimination; "across-the-board integration" of police, fire, and city jobs; de-emphasis of new "tough" riot-control measures; and inclusion of American Negro history in the public school curriculum. In addition, FIGHT is demanding the abolition or revision of the present twenty-one-man anti-poverty board on the ground that it does not include true representatives of the poor.

Two local civic leaders, Sidney J. Lindenberg, executive director of the Baden Street Settlement House, and Richard P. Miller, executive director of the Community Chest, have been marked as targets for removal both from their jobs and from seats on the anti-poverty policy board. Lindenberg has been singled out for questioning the staying power of strictly Negro organizations. Miller is accused of blackjacking the Baden Street Settlement and others into withholding support of FIGHT, under penalty of losing Chest financial support.

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The charge grows out of a decision by Baden Street not to affiliate with FIGHT. The settlement voted against affiliation after Miller had requested that Baden Street "clarify" its relationship with FIGHT. Miller denies that any pressure was intended. "When we had our last fund drive," Miller said, "we said very positively that no Chest money would be going into FIGHT. When it was learned Baden Street was considering affiliation with it, my telephone began to ring. Everybody wanted to know: 'Are you going back on your word?' Of course, we said we were not. We never said Chest money would be withdrawn from Baden Street, and we're not saying that now. It's usual for the Chest staff to sit down with our agencies and go over their budgets. We've simply asked Baden Street, What does joining FIGHT mean? What are the responsibilities? What if FIGHT decides to picket Bausch & Lomb [a big Chest contributor]? Where does this leave Baden Street? We asked the question because we want them to know what they're getting into."

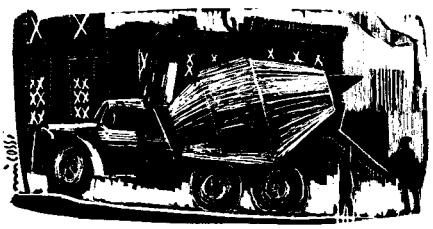
In addition to singling out individual targets, the FIGHT convention also set in motion machinery to picket slumlords; to engage in rent strikes; to expose lending institutions profiting from slum property; to investigate availability of loans to Negroes and of property offered for public sale; to conduct comparative shopping surveys; to establish parent groups to replace ineffective PTAs.

Fingers in the Dike

All this adds up to a massive effort to communicate the sentiments and the demands of Rochester's Negro community to "downtown." But whether this is precisely the kind of Negro leadership that ex-City Manager Homer had in mind is doubtful. It is already clear that FIGHT has no intention of co-operating with existing agencies without forcing some cataclysmic changes in their make-up and approach. Franklin Florence speaks of the existing "structure" collectively and sweepingly as "the enemy," and he dismisses its appointment of highly trained Negroes as "tokenism."

Meanwhile, Laplois Ashford is setting up a new community-relations unit in the police department to educate Rochester's police about the Negro community and its problems. The effort is one of the more imaginative in a series of undertakings that includes, in addition to the big anti-poverty package, the hiring of six more housing-code enforcement inspectors, a new Big Brothers club for Negro youth, and an expanded manpower training program. But how much impact these measures are having on the Negro community is difficult to gauge. They do not really touch the main problems of Negroes in Rochester today. Last July, when the riots erupted, there were too many Negroes for the housing available to them, and generally they were too unskilled to fit into the city's highly technological job market. A year later, this situation is basically unchanged.

The problems of housing and technical job training are being tackled, but they require long-term solutions. Unfortunately, few tangible results can be achieved in a mere twelve months. The Rochester Housing Authority, which hasn't



built any major low-income housing in the last thirteen years, has a Federal loan to construct five hundred new units and is seeking Federal money to build five hundred more. But bids have been excessive and the first hundred units won't be ready until next winter at the earliest. In the job market, Rochester has one of the best employment records in the nation—less than two per cent of its work force is unemployed—but a Southern migrant worker can't hope to acquire overnight the kind of training and basic education needed by Eastman Kodak and the other industrial giants.

THE POTENTIAL for another summer explosion can be seen in a post-riot analysis by the city. Of 893 individuals arrested in the July 24-26 riots, ninety per cent were either unskilled or unemployed. In all, 720 Negroes were arrested, 660 of whom were born outside of New York State.

City officials recognize that there are some potential troublemakers who cannot be reached, no matter what programs are undertaken and how communications are improved between the white and Negro communities. But Ashford believes that better communications through FIGHT and through direct efforts he and others are making can cut into the attitude of acquiescence that marked last year's riots. "I feel certain now," he said, "that the Negro community in general, which maybe didn't participate physically last July but did so mentally and emotionally, is not of the same frame of mind. The rioters would not have been able to riot if the climate wasn't there. The attitude was, 'Get them. They need it.' " Public Safety Commissioner Harper Sibley put it a different way: "I'm sure there will be incidents. . . . The question is, Have we created and can we create a climate where an incident doesn't become a full-fledged riot? I think we can."

Whether or not Rochester gets through this summer without violence probably will depend as much on luck as on the preventive measures taken by the city. Reverend Hughes of the Area Council of Churches, for one, claims that a potential for violence that has not been considered comes from hostile whites living on the periphery of the Negro wards. Most of the talk about riots that he has heard, Hughes says, comes from the whites of the inner city. It would be tragic if Rochester, concentrating on easing tensions in the Negro community, were to overlook the danger from this quarter.

As for the Negro community, Hughes said FIGHT will be effective only if the new organization can define the real issues separating whites and blacks in Rochester and can utilize smoldering Negro emotions to resolve them. A voice for the Negro community will have little meaningful influence if it merely shouts exaggerations and irrelevancies above an unruly and sullen mob. What Rochester needs now, as temperatures and tensions rise, is responsible talk and thoughtful listening.

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Vietnam's Young Generals Face the Old Problems

TAKASHI OKA

SAIGON

TWENTY months after the fall of the Ngo Dinh Diem family dictatorship, a new generation is coming to power in South Vietnam. This is the real significance of the sequence of events that dissolved civilian rule and installed a military régime headed by Generals Nguyen Van Thieu and Nguyen Cao Ky.

The thin-lipped and reflective forty-one-year-old Major General Thieu heads the ten-man National Leadership Council and is thus chief of state. Air Force Brigadier General Nguyen Cao Ky, the flamboyant commissioner for executive affairs (in other words, premier), is only thirty-five years old. Major General Pham Xuan Chieu, secretary-general of the Leadership Council, is in his mid-forties. The new defense minister, Brigadier General Nguyen Huu Co, is forty, while other generals on the Leadership Council and civilians in the war cabinet are also relatively young men.

At this stage, few dare to predict whether the new generation will prove any more successful in overcoming South Vietnam's Hanoi-aided Communist insurgency than their elders. Citizens of Vietnam, who have seen five premiers and three "strong men" come and go during the past twenty months, have taken a blasé attitude. "He has promised many things: can he implement them?" a Vietnamese journalist exclaimed after hearing Ky's inaugural address on June 19. Many are haunted by the fear that the change comes too late. The country is in desperate shape. The Vietcong have shifted from company- and battalion-sized attacks to highly sophisticated operations of regimental and even larger scope. At Dong Xoai, until then the largest battle of the war, three Vietcong battalions totaling 1,500 men nearly overran the four-hundred-man garrison and mauled three government battalions committed piecemeal against them.

Dong Xoai is still a far cry from the Indo-China War days when the Communists hurled whole divisions against the French Expeditionary Corps. But American military sources say the Vietcong have the capacity to mount at least one Dong Xoai-sized operation a week during the present rainy season. In a situation where both sides suffer heavy casualties, morale will become a prime factor more than ever. The Vietcong seem confident that theirs will not be the first to crack.

ON JUNE 11, while the battle still raged at Dong Xoai, an all-day meeting took place, at which the civilians of Dr. Phan Huy Quat's four-month-old government agreed to return power to the military. One civilian member of the twenty-man National Legislative Council asked for a short space of time in which to consult with members of his group. This civilian, Nguyen Chanh, represented southern Roman Catholic groups which had been among the principal agitators against the Quat régime. "Shut up, shut up!" some of the generals present shouted.

At this point, General Ky took the floor. Quietly he apologized for the generals' outburst. "They have just come back from Dong Xoai," he said, "where they saw many wounded soldiers with no one to rescue them or take them to a hospital. The odor of the dead and of the wounded is still with our generals, and that is why they seem so hot-tempered today."

General Ky, commander of the Air Force, is a man of many facets. His public image is that of a dashing pilot, a ladies' man and bon vivant. Within the armed forces he has been a leading member of the group of officers promoted to general rank after the fall of President Diem, which is impatient for rejuvenation and reform in the senior military hierarchy. During the past year they have managed to eliminate nearly all those who were generals during the Diem era, even though it was these same generals who nominally led the revolt against the late president.

But Ky is also a man who can use guile—as when he deceived General Duong Van Duc into abandoning his unsuccessful coup of September 13 against Nguyen Khanh, or when he negotiated on behalf of the armed forces with militant Buddhist opponents of Premier Tran Van Huong this January. Acquaintances say he combines impulse with calculation, courage and enthusiasm with unsentimental disregard for past loyalties.

Around him have clustered a group of younger civilians, impatient over the red tape and the corruption that seem endemic to South Vietnam's bureaucracy. In addition, they have been frustrated by the tangle of religious and regional rivalries which, in the absence of elected political parties, makes South Vietnam so difficult to govern.

Talking Tough

Where Dr. Quat's civilian cabinet tried to cajole and persuade religious and regional factions to drop their rivalries, the new régime is likely to bully them into line, branding recalcitrants as enemies of the people. Obviously, such drastic tactics can be effective only over a brief period, and the military leaders are said to count on a space of about three months in which to knock heads and put the nation back on its feet.

Under a brand new constitution (Vietnam's fifth since the fall of

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Diem), the ten-general National Leadership Council is the supreme authority, responsible only to the Congress of the Armed Forces, which comprises all generals and commanders of corps, divisions, and specialized branches such as engineers or armor. The war cabinet, headed by General Ky, is responsible to the Leadership Council, on which both Ky and his defense minister sit. Thus there is no question that the régime is military, even though in the cabinet there are only three officers (including one air force doctor) out of sixteen members.

Dr. Quat, the former premier, saw probably more clearly than any of his predecessors the manifold administrative and military reforms that would have to be carried out if Saigon were to turn the tide of war in its favor. As a civilian, however, he faced two handicaps. On the one hand, he had to gain the confidence of the military. On the other, he had to secure the support of the two major religious groups—the Buddhists and the Catholics—in order to govern effectively. He came to power with army and Buddhist support. He then tried to win over the Catholics, but in this effort he failed.

A central Vietnamese from north of the 17th parallel, Dr. Quat was accused of favoring northerners and central Vietnamese over southerners. The issue that caused his downfall was a constitutional dispute between himself and the chief of state, Phan Khac Suu. Suu was a southerner, and the original quarrel over whether a premier could hire and fire his own ministers soon turned into a political free-for-all, with southerners and Catholics lining up behind the chief of state.

The U.S. embassy at first did its utmost to support Dr. Quat. The wording of the provisional constitution on the firing issue was ambiguous, and members of the embassy political section tried to round up enough support for the government to enable the constitution to be amended. At one point they came within two votes of the required three-fourths majority on the National Legislative Council.

But the political aspects of the conflict proved to be beyond the embassy's control. The generals grew increasingly impatient with the civilians and openly talked of another coup d'état. The embassy, with bitter memories of a previous failure to block an army purge of the legislature in December, manifested its concern to all parties but stopped short of making a last-ditch stand for Dr. Quat.

Finally, on June 9, the embattled premier announced in a press conference that he had called on the armed forces to mediate his dispute with Suu. A grand conference of all interested parties—the generals, Dr. Quat, Suu, and members of the National Legislative Council—was convened two days later. It agreed at midnight that the civilians would return power to the armed forces.

The Real Need

Meanwhile, the larger dilemma remains, both for Vietnamese and for Americans. It may be summed up as follows:

First, there must be a stable government to prosecute the war. It is often argued that frequent governmental changes in Saigon do not affect day-to-day operations, either military or administrative, at the provincial or regimental level. This is true, but the war cannot be won by routine operations. There must be a central authority remaining in power long enough to conceive and execute political, military, and economic plans over periods measurable in years rather than in weeks or months.

Second, South Vietnam must have a government that cares for the people, for the war is as much political as military. The Communists fully understand this. So do Saigon and its American backers—in theory. But implementation has been painfully slow. Should governments be induced to improve their efforts gradually, or should they be replaced as soon as sufficient fault is found with them? Stability would seem to require the first tactic. But the Vietnamese frequently argue that the longer a bad government lasts, the more difficult it will become to win the war. It is an argument that is hard to rebut.

Third, while the non-Communist leaders debate the respective priorities to be accorded to stability and the urgent need for reform, the Communists are not standing still. During the twenty months since the fall of Diem, they have steadily increased their control over the countryside until today, in many provinces, the government holds only the large towns. This is something that every Vietnamese can see for himself. If he is a city dweller, he knows that the roads he traveled to other towns last year are now insecure. If he is a villager, he knows that such and such a hamlet, until recently in government hands, has been taken over by the Communists. Despite the enormous step-up in American military and economic aid, the government remains on the defensive. The area and population it still holds is shrinking, and it is too preoccupied with defending this perimeter to do much about liberating Communist-controlled zones.

IF THESE were the only factors in the equation, the war in South Vietnam would be truly hopeless. But even disregarding all external factors, such as the American bombing of North Vietnam, the Sino-Soviet split, and the superannuation of the present Hanoi and Peking leadership, there are also domestic factors which do not favor the Communists and which could be made to work against them.

While the present government apparently lacks broad popular support, there is little evidence that the people of South Vietnam actively prefer Communist rule. In fact, there have been mass flights of peasants from Communist areas to those controlled by the government, and no such flights have taken place in reverse. (Individuals and their families

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have, of course, gone over to the Communists.) Although individual military desertions—almost invariably for personal rather than ideological reasons—remain a serious problem, there have been no mass defections from the army such as occurred during the final stages of the Chinese civil war.

If ever the people of South Vietnam come to feel that Communist rule is actually preferable to that of Saigon, nothing can save the government. This is far from being the case today. Herein lies the slender hope on which rests Saigon's and the American efforts to retrieve an admittedly desperate situation.

The frustrating aspect of this situation is that the anti-Communist disposition of the people springs not so much from the positive achievements of successive Saigon régimes as from the growing harshness of life within the Communist zones and from the fear of their inhabitants that they will be subject to increasingly heavy air bombardment.

The American aid mission has launched a number of programs for rural uplift, providing cement, roofing, fertilizer, seeds, and pigs to hamlets not under Communist control. To the extent that these programs have reached the people, they have helped to create a favorable image of the Americans, or have at least improved an unfavorable one. But they have not done the same for the Saigon régime. Every villager knows that these materials come from the rich United States, not from their own government. The very officials distributing these commodities look on their own superiors—province chiefs, ministerial representatives, and the like—as channels of American aid, rather than as the transmitters of independent programs and policies of the Saigon government.

For all this to change, Saigon itself must change. But only native leadership at the very top is capable of providing the dynamism and energy that can change business-as-usual at the provincial, district, and village level into a co-ordinated nationwide effort to win the war. The best that can be said about the new Thieu-Ky combination is that it promises to provide such leadership. This promise and this potential will be sternly tested in the weeks ahead.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

A Touch Like a Paving Stone

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

THE THREE major composers of the post-romantic revolution are like the three brothers in the fairy tale who set off in different directions, follow divergent paths, and, after sundry adventures, arrive at very much the same destination. Schoenberg is the composer-mathematician, Bartók the composer-ethnographer, Stravinsky the composer-historian. Though their methods differ, all three are equally concerned with finding a way out of what they felt was the blind alley of nineteenth-century music. The road that Béla Bartók chose led literally to fairy-tale regions like Ruthenia and Transylvania, where there were villages that had never heard the sound of a piano, not to mention the scratch of a phonograph needle, and where one could still meet, if not giants and witches, then at least swineherds, goose girls, and spinning grandmothers straight from Grimm.

"At the restless age of twenty-four," Bartók recalled, "I was seized by a great wanderlust, and so I began traveling across Hungary. In the villages I heard my country's real music, its folk songs. It was precisely the impulse I needed. This music came as a revelation to me; I had the feeling that these wonderful pentatonic melodies were a carry-over from a forgotten age." He had been on the point of becoming a sort of Hungarian Richard Strauss, but the Brahms-Wagner influence was beginning to wear thin, and he was delighted to discover these curious songs, full of "false notes" and erratic rhythms, whose melodies danced up and down the rungs of an ancient five-note scale. The words usually had to do with the essentials of life.

These songs were unknown in the cities. They were far older than the purported "folk tunes" used in Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsodies* or the Brahms *Hungarian Dances,* which turn out to have been based on gypsy versions of café ditties written by popular composers, the Stephen Fosters of Hungary. Meanwhile the real Magyar folk songs had gone into hiding in the hinterlands, unnoticed even by the romantic poets who had collected folk-ballad texts (but not tunes) during the nineteenth century. They were preserved only by oral tradition among the poorest peasants in the most remote regions, for the aristocrats and the educated middle classes looked to Budapest and Vienna for their musical fashions. In some areas, as Bartók learned when he began studying the subject systematically together with his friend Zoltán Kodály, the oldest tunes had gradually slipped to the lowest rung of the social scale and were known as "beggars' songs."

"The well-to-do," Kodály writes, "like to distinguish themselves from the poorer people even in their songs. 'We knew that one, but didn't think much of it,' said a farmer from Far-

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kasd in Nyitra County of the ballad *Ságí bíróné*: he had twenty acres of land which he worked himself. Prosperous farmers of the Alföld (Hungarian plain) looked askance at the *gányó* (tobacco farmer) song. . . . Once over a certain property level, it is no longer correct for the farmer's daughter to sing, and even less for the farmer." In most villages they found that the women knew twice as many songs as the men, partly because certain musical functions—mourning, betrothal, and wedding songs, for example—were reserved exclusively for women. "Old men or women were considered indisputably drunk if they sang outdoors. To sing in the streets or fields was the privilege of the young."

BARTOK became an indefatigable folk-song hunter in the most inaccessible corners of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire; there are estimates that he collected more than sixteen thousand songs, of which only a tiny fraction have ever been published. Consumed by what he calls "collecting fever," he could spend three days in a village of five hundred inhabitants and come away with 180 different songs—"not counting the ones we declined." Assuming he worked a ten-hour day, that averages out to one new song every ten minutes. The poet Béla Balázs, who wrote two of Bartók's librettos, testifies in one of his memoirs that Bartók could work miracles as a song stenographer. On a journey they made together they went to a village tavern crowded with hard-drinking peasants who were seated around four or five tables and singing lustily, each group carrying a different tune and, of course, trying to outshout the others. Bartók calmly proceeded to get everything down on paper, by first jotting down the main note patterns of each melody, then filling in the gaps when it reappeared in succeeding stanzas. Balázs, who was supposed to be taking down the texts, could make nothing of all this: the tunes were repeated but the words kept changing.

"His notation represented the utmost degree of precision which the human ear can achieve unaided by some apparatus," Kodály writes. "Beyond that there is only sound recording." Whenever possible they did go into the field armed with old hand-crank cylinder phonographs or flat-disk gramophones, which had a certain psychological as well as musical advantage. News of their arrival with the awesome sound box would spread through a village like wildfire, and no sooner had it been installed in some farmer's living room than the place would be filled with curious peasants, each racking his brains to remember a song that would give him a chance to sing into the big acoustic horn and experience the thrill of hearing his voice played back. In each village there were a few "song trees," as Bartók calls them, who knew a lot of songs and were not self-conscious about singing them. But most peasants were either "joiners" who might remember a tune if someone else started, or "one-song" people, or passive types who would never sing a note "except perhaps," as Kodály says, "when drunk."

In the course of recording and analyzing hundreds of melodies, it

became apparent that the oldest stratum of Hungarian music must have come west with the first Magyar invasions of the Danube Valley in the ninth century, and had successfully weathered the erosions of a millennium. Bartók planned an expedition to Tartar Russia to see what he might find there in the way of comparable material, but the First World War intervened. Years later, Soviet musicologists discovered the evidence he was looking for—almost identical melodies that survive among the Mari (or Cheremissian) peoples of the Volga region. The Mari and the Magyars are ethnic cousins and display the same instinctive preference for the Tartar five-note scale: G-B-flat-C-D-F. As Kodály says in his 1960 survey of *Folk Music of Hungary*, "Today the Magyars represent the outermost edge of the great Asian musical tradition, many thousands of years old, which is rooted in the spirit of the various peoples living from China through Central Asia to the Black Sea." In other words, as the lyric poet Endre Ady once put it, "Hungary is the ferry between Asia and Europe."

NONE of these ancient traditions had meant very much to Bartók as a boy; though he grew up in the provinces, he could not remember having received "any folkloric impressions of any kind" in his mother's household. There is an autobiographical sketch of his early years, written for a Viennese magazine in 1921, which reflects all the linguistic and territorial uncertainties of life in that particular corner of Europe. "I was born on March 25, 1881," he wrote, "in a small place called Nagyszentmiklós, a village in the county of Torontál, which now belongs to Romania. My mother gave me my first piano lessons when I was six. My father, director of an agricultural school, was quite highly gifted as a musician . . . I lost him when I was eight years old. After his death my mother had to work as a public school teacher and struggle hard for our daily bread: we went first to Nagyszöllös (at present Czechoslovak territory), then to Besztercze (in Transylvania, now Romanian territory), and finally in 1893 to Pozsony (now in Czechoslovakia)." For the benefit of those who want to look up this itinerary in a modern atlas, it should be noted that Nagyszentmiklós is called Sinnicolaul Mare by the Romanians; that Nagyszöllös, though Czech in 1921, has since become Vinogradov in the Soviet Union; that Beszterzce is now Bistrita in Romania; and that Pozsony, or Pressburg as it was called on Austrian maps, is now known as Bratislava.

Bartók came to Budapest in 1899, took a course in piano and composition at the Royal Academy of Music, and graduated as a pianist of such outstanding gifts that he was made a professor at the academy in 1907, when he was only twenty-six. He was then a militant nationalist, given to demonstrative gestures like

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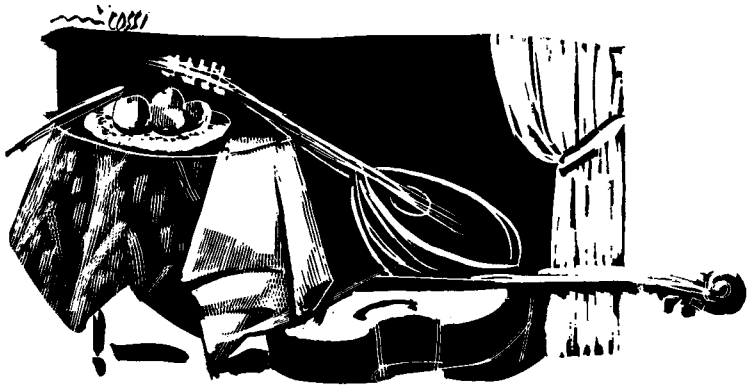

beginning his letter with the salutation "Down with the Hapsburgs" or wearing the so-called "Festive Magyar" costume on all public occasions, even in the concert hall. His Straussian tone poem *Kossuth* caused a minor scandal in 1904 because the Austrian national anthem was parodied in one of its battle scenes. His folk-song research was begun in the same patriotic spirit, but once his musical curiosity had been aroused, he moved outward from the Hungarian center to the polyglot border areas, where the music was tinged with Slovak, Ukrainian, and Romanian influences. In Transylvania, then Hungarian and now Romanian, he collected several thousands of tunes and learned to speak fluent Romanian. "One can only understand a folk song if one understands the text," was one of his maxims. A concert tour of Spain and Portugal also brought him briefly into contact with the Arab music of Tangier, and in 1913 he explored the region around Biskra, in Algeria. He was fascinated to hear how "the Arabs accompany almost all their songs with percussion instruments, sometimes in highly complex rhythms (the different rhythmic structures result from the varying accentuation of identical parts of the measure)." As usual there were local taboos to contend with, but he was never at a loss for field expedients. "In several places I got my songs from women 'under police surveillance' because respectable women are not supposed to communicate with strange men."

These experiences give Bartók an immense store of musical materials to work with, and at the same time force him to re-examine most of the fundamental assumptions of "classical" music. He is not a souvenir collector like the local colorists of the romantic era; the idea of turning a goose girl's song into a salon piece for duchesses has lost its charm. Bartók goes to the peasants not only to borrow their tunes but also to learn their methods. The Magyar bagpiper and the Ruthenian washerwoman have taught him, in effect, that there is an inexhaustible range of tonal possibilities beyond the limited spectrum of traditional harmony. In one of his essays he points out that German classical music is rooted in a standard succession of triads of the tonic, dominant, and subdominant, and that German folk song "usually moves along the triad of tonic and dominant: the main melody consists of a breaking up of these chords into single notes (*'Ach du lieber Augustin'*)." But the patterns that Bartók admires come from a wholly different world: they may be oriental tunes that "show no trace of the stereotyped joining of triads," or Balkan melodies cast in the ancient Greek or medieval modes. Working with these songs, he says, "freed me from the tyrannical rule of the major and minor key. . . . It became clear to me that the old modes, which had been forgotten in our music, had lost nothing of their vigor." The unfamiliar patterns of these scales suggested new ways of harmonizing a melody—using "dissonant" seventh chords in "consonant" situations, for example. "The frequent use of fourth intervals in our old melodies suggested to us the use of fourth chords," he adds. "Here again what we heard in succession we tried to build up in a simultaneous chord."

Some of his most striking discoveries are in the field of rhythm. Listening to Turks, Bulgars, and Arabs, he learns how to manipulate complex dervish rhythms that were undreamed of in the theory books, and unheard of in Vienna since Jan Sobieski repulsed the Ottoman invasion. The so-called "Bulgarian rhythm" that appears in so many of his later works involves the subdivision of a measure into shifting groups of twos and threes that may add up to five, seven, ten, or even thirteen eighths to the bar—enough to mystify any old-school classical musician accustomed to counting in a comfortable four-four time. "In the primitive state," Bartók explains, "we see two kinds of music exclusively; one in a free conversational rhythm, the other in strict dancelike rhythm." As an eclectic modern composer, he can go the primitives one better by employing both kinds at the same time. Combining "strict" and "free" rhythm, he creates brilliant interplays of tonal energy like the Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion—a twenty-six-minute feast of meters and timbres calling for two pianos, three kettledrums, xylophone, two side drums, cymbals, suspended cymbal, bass drum, triangle, and tam-tam. The piano itself turns into a percussion instrument under the insistent hammering of his "*martellato*" style, beginning with the aptly named *Allegro barbaro* of 1911. "A touch like a paving stone," wrote the British critic Percy Scholes after hearing a Bartók concert, pay-

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ing him the compliment of describing precisely the effect that was intended.

Understandably, most of this new music sounded far too *barbaro* to the average Budapest concertgoer, accustomed to thinking of Hungarian music as gypsy fiddlers in a café. "We could find neither a conductor who would understand our works nor an orchestra able to play them," says Bartók in his autobiographical sketch. The upshot was that his most "Magyar" works were performed and discussed almost everywhere but at home. It was the International Society for Contemporary Music that established Bartók's fame as a leader of the avant-garde. His First Violin Sonata, wildly applauded by other modern composers at the 1922 Frankfurt Festival, struck Ernest Newman as "the last word (for the present) in ugliness and incoherence. It was as if two people were improvising against each other."

After that auspicious beginning, his new works were regularly exhibited at the ISCM festivals; the Second Violin Sonata in Salzburg, 1923; the *Dance Suite* in Prague, 1925; the First Piano Concerto in Frankfurt, 1927; the Second Concerto in Amsterdam, 1933; one of the Rhapsodies for Violin and Orchestra in Florence, 1934; the Fifth String Quartet in Barcelona, 1936; and the Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion in London, 1938.

BY THEN it was nearly time for him to leave Hungary and come to America. "If someone stays on here, when he could leave, he can thereby be said to acquiesce tacitly in everything that is happening here," he wrote to a friend after the Austrian *Anschluss* and the Munich agreement. He and his second wife, the pianist Ditta Pásztory, arrived in New York at the end of October, 1940, only a few months before his sixtieth birthday. A lot of harsh words have been written—most of them justified—about the massive indifference Bartók encountered in the United States. It was a case of opportunity knocking on the kettledrums, but almost three years went by before anyone thought of commissioning him to write a work for an American orchestra. There were a few concert engagements—"If we had to live on these we would really be at the end of our tether"—but most of the major conductors managed to ignore the existence of both the man and his music. (Now that Bartók is being played nearly as often as Tchaikovsky, some of these same conductors have emerged as a late-blooming species of "Bartók authority.")

Columbia University awarded him an honorary degree and also found a niche for him; a very small, badly paid niche as "visiting associate in music." By a happy coincidence it involved doing the very thing he liked best—transcribing and classifying peasant songs from the Milman Parry collection of Serbo-Croat folklore. "Sixteen hundred and even many more epic folk poems await their musical notation," he wrote to one of his sons. "A Harvard professor assembled this material on several thousand disks five or six years ago." Since the war was at that moment completing the destruction of the old Yugoslav peasant culture, the records were irreplaceable as source documents: "Such material can only be found here, nowhere else in the world. . . ."

Did Columbia have some inkling that it was entertaining an angel unawares? Professor Douglas Moore of the music faculty commented in a 1946 "Homage to Béla Bartók" that exile was painful for him because he was not only less famous than Schoenberg and less popular than Stravinsky, but also "least fitted for the rigors of the American scene. . . . His aristocratic and somewhat aloof personality did not lend itself to the arts of exploitation as practiced in this country. He was pursued by ill health and distressed by the news from home. In spite of these handicaps his activity as a composer continued to the end. . . ."It would be more accurate to say that his activity as a composer was resumed only at the eleventh hour, when he was already suffering from the mysterious illness that turned out to be leukemia. It was Serge Koussevitsky who came to his hospital bedside in 1943 and persuaded him to accept the $1,000 commission that resulted in the *Concerto for Orchestra.*

Working on the score at Saranac Lake that summer produced the "wonder drug" and "hemidemisemimiracle" that Bartók said he needed to go on composing. While a team of doctors labored to keep him alive there was a last rush of new compositions: a Sonata for Unaccompanied Violin commissioned by Yehudi Menuhin, a Viola Concerto for William Primrose, a Third Piano Concerto intended as a legacy for his wife. The viola concerto was left unfinished (to be completed posthumously by Tibor Serly), but the piano concerto lacked only the last seventeen measures when Bartók died at the West Side Hospital on September 26, 1945.

BARTÓK ON RECORDS

A list of recommended stereo recordings, also available in monophonic versions.

CONCERTO FOR ORCHESTRA. Leonard Bernstein, New York Philharmonic. Columbia.

PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1. Columbia Symphony, George Szell. Columbia.

PIANO CONCERTOS NOS. 2 and 3. Geza Anda, Berlin Radio Symphony, Ferenc Fricsay. Deutsche Grammophon.

VIOLIN CONCERTO. Isaac Stern, New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein. Columbia.

MIRACULOUS MANDARIN SUITE and MUSIC FOR STRINGS, PERCUSSION AND CELESTA. London Symphony, Georg Solti. London.

DANCE SUITE. Hungarian Radio Symphony, György Lehel (with Kodály *Peacock Variations*). Deutsche Grammophon.

BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE. Rosalind Elias, Jerome Hines, Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy. Columbia.

MUSIC FOR SOLO PIANO (*Mikrokosmos, Out of Doors, Sonata for Children*, etc.). György Sandor. Vox.

SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS AND PERCUSSION. Robert, Gaby, and Jean Casadesus (with Debussy music for two pianos). Columbia.

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Saturday in Suzdal

ROGER MORRIS

LOOKING out the window, there was, as always, the impression of enormity—and with it, aimlessness. But on the bus to Suzdal at least, you can afford to think that at last you are getting at the heart of Russia. Over a hundred miles east from Moscow, Suzdal may be the last authentic reminder of medieval *Rus*. Of the great princely capitals, Kiev and Novgorod have been too often destroyed, too conscientiously rebuilt. Even Vladimir, which shared Suzdal's fleeting glory, has been transformed. It is now a garrison town, a kind of Leavenworth on the Russian plain. The day before, the Red Army had held a weight-lifting contest there on the former grounds of the great Cathedral of the Assumption. Rublev's magnificent frescoes seemed curiously alien within earshot of grunts and cheers and the thud of barbells on a wooden platform. The road to Suzdal takes you further east and away, one hopes, from what they euphemistically call the new life.

The bus itself, here as elsewhere in the Soviet Union, becomes a fascinating microcosm of the human condition. Beneath racks overloaded with cardboard suitcases and bulging parcels wrapped in dingy white kerchiefs, the Saturday-morning travelers, mostly local peasants, seem rather cheerful. How many times, one wonders, has it been said and proved that spring comes to Russia as a release? One of the men in the seat behind is returning from a visit to relatives in the Ukraine. As he tells his friend how "rich" the collective farms are *there*, we pass by the clusters of drab wooden huts that mark graphically the contrast he draws. Soon he is engaged in earthy vignettes, fortified with the peculiar forms of Russian exaggeration, on the stupidity and inefficiency of local officials. His language is unusually blunt, but the theme is familiar. Even in Moscow's gleaming subway you can eavesdrop on a continuing despair with Soviet agriculture.

The promise of Suzdal is, in part, that ancient vista of domes and spires that has been swept away by official fiat and formless growth in Moscow and Leningrad. As we arrive, the view from the bus does not disappoint. But before a sense of the past can come alive, reality intrudes as it frequently does in this country still so fitfully between yesterday and today. There is a low wail from the back of the bus, and a large peasant woman in a man's double-breasted suitcoat is sobbing in great heaves. In only slightly hushed tones the story of her "unpleasantness" travels through the bus, from stranger to stranger. She has seen her son waiting for her on the sidewalk; he was born without legs and she has been away from him for several months. Saturday in Suzdal begins, not with the evocation of mystic faith, but with the equally ancient triviality of human pathos.

The dusty main street of Suzdal recalls only its more recent history. Once the center of a principality, it has long since become a poor and quiet village. The Soviets have done nothing to change this. Mixed with the ubiquitous yellow stucco of the nineteenth century, the shoddy brickwork of the last thirty years is redundant. Everywhere there are the uniformly plain and colorless signs which identify shops and offices in the USSR. A bakery, a barbershop, the inevitable *stolovaya* or cafeteria, a small "universal" store—all in the one-storied monotony of a thousand other Russian towns. But here the effect is broken by green and gold cupolas which rise behind and beyond in what seems misplaced majesty. In a sense, the cumulative grandeur of the churches only mocks. One presumes that the squalor and drabness of the village are human, prosaic, and, after all, temporary—though there is the depressing sensation that these too have their enduring qualities.

Perspective is more important now. We walk for a vantage point that will allow us to capture, at once, all we expect. It is impossible. Off the

The Parure

Passing the automobile graveyard, I saw one
Like one I owned—a defunct jewel of motion—
Nevertheless, it blinded me for a moment in the sun.

The green jewel-tones were foolishly, thrillingly, alive again,
And I knew that part of that hoard belonged to me,
A figure on the totem-mass of grandiloquent, yet garish,
human stain.

It was like a quick look in a tinted mirror—
How had a part of myself become encrusted and embedded
In such public passions that were an aggregate of terror?

I was moving along the road in my own place,
A sunny little prince of subtly deliquescent life
Who felt so hard and gem-like strung upon that shining necklace.

Yet there it gleamed instead of Yorick's skull—
I step on the gas as quickly as I can and speed
To where the hill is once more soft and beautiful.

But it lurks in dreams somehow, a faulty helmet or a
crushed green chalice:
Motion seems both random and meticulous,
And a crazy old king rides in the car, heavy with malice.

—CHARLES EDWARD EATON

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By Fernando Krahn

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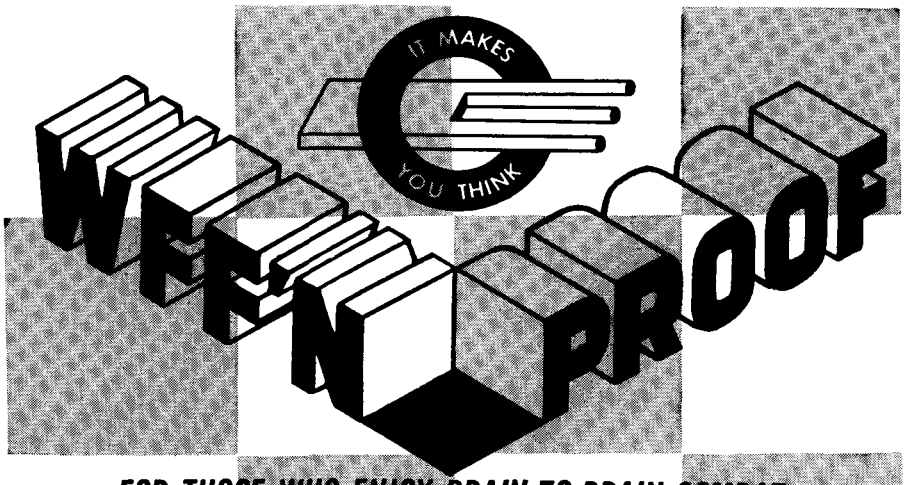
main road, the town disappears; and the meadows are too wide, leaving the churches, the tiny transplants of Byzantium, unnaturally isolated. We are nearly alone. Only two small boys with homemade haircuts look up from where they are sailing planks on a pond. Taken bit by bit, of course, the relics of the old Russia do remain: a cellular wooden church with steeply pitched roof, and a tiny five-domed masterpiece hidden away on a back street near the peasant market. Through the gate where Alexander Nevsky rode, a dozen *babushkas* sun themselves between the shadows of a grand bell-tower and more green cupolas.

By two in the afternoon Suzdal is silent and deserted. By this time, also, the point of overexposure is reached. The smells of modern Russia, the canned fish and the cheap disinfectant, are still lingering near the single room that serves as a bus station. Here it is Lenin once again, peering down from the wall through smudged glass. A taxi is the only quick way back, and it seems worth the price—even to Vladimir. For beyond it is the university in Moscow, and there you can untangle your reflections in the sanctity fashioned by a hopeful régime for its young elite. Driving away, you are thrown back to an amalgam of frustration and disgust. Suzdal was not bustling, or rebuilt, or artificially picturesque. Time *had* passed it by.

But somehow not enough. Its antique beauties are only a faint digression from the senseless backwardness all around. The point seems simple. By now, at least, the old should have been framed in the new, and not, as it is, in a mere shabbiness that pollutes the very instinct for beauty.

"Did it please you?" my Russian friend finally asks after we have come upon the outskirts of Vladimir. As usual, I am not sure of the correct reply—somewhere between honesty and condescending falsity. For a moment, I think of an America where many of us are exiles. Then I muster bitterness in the most Philistine terms. "Well, we are still ahead," I answer. But he does not understand and is hurt. In the end, I suppose, we both are.



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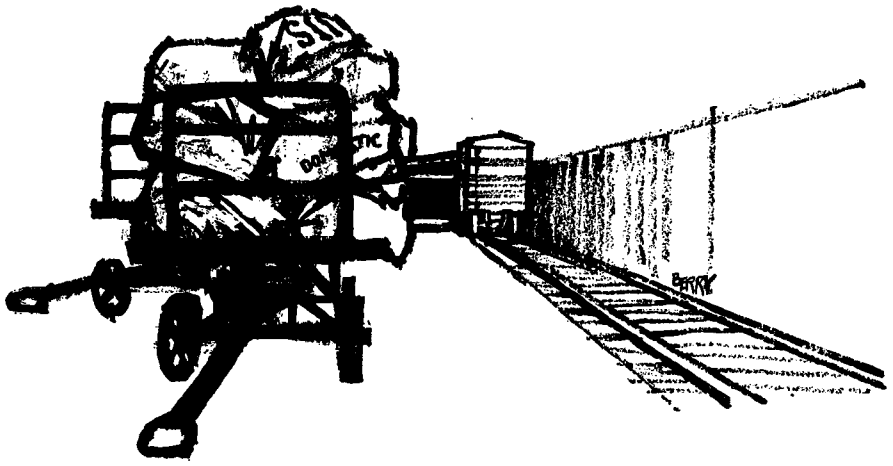

The Dismal Science And 'The Good Life'

GERHARD COLM

ON ECONOMIC KNOWLEDGE: TOWARD A SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMICS, by Adolph Lowe. World Perspectives, Vol. 35, planned and edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen. *Harper & Row. $6.95.*

Twenty years ago Paul Appleby, a distinguished theoretician and practitioner in public administration, used to pronounce that "Economists should be on tap, not on top." Today the third economist in a row is in the powerful position of director of the U.S. Budget Bureau; several vice-presidents of banks and other corporations are economists; and the Council of Economic Advisers has great influence on Presidential policies and the policies of the country. In this situation many people raise the question: What do economists really know? It has particular poignancy because in the last fifty years there has developed a disastrous gulf between, on the one hand, the tasks with which economists found themselves confronted in actual practice, and on the other, the economics these economists had been taught at the colleges and universities.

After the war, the American Economic Association published two volumes entitled *A Survey of Contemporary Economics,* written by a group of distinguished economic academicians. Economic practitioners, concerned with burning problems of war finance, inflation, unemployment, economic stability, and economic development in former colonial areas, were distressed to find that "academic economics" represented in these volumes provided only a meager foundation for their work in our mixed economic system. Graduates moving from universities into business and government often had to unlearn what they had been taught. Fortunately, this situation has changed considerably during the last decade. There has been considerable give and take between the two worlds. The practitioner of economics today can indeed benefit from the work reported in books and articles coming from the academic community. In a sense, *On Economic Knowledge* by Adolph Lowe represents a final philosophical reconciliation. Political economics is presented in this work as a science that offers the promise of a rigorous and operational approach to the solution of the economic problems of our time.

LOWE basically undertakes three tasks. First, he clarifies the "model" that underlies classical and neoclassical thinking in economics, and demonstrates why it is a logical and beautiful construction of the mind even if it does not reflect the reality of what he calls "organized capitalism."

Second, he sketches the history of economic thought from Adam Smith to Karl Marx, to the neoclassicists and finally to John Maynard Keynes. He views the history of economic thought largely as a "progressive decay" of the original self-determining classical system. Especially interesting are the elements of political economics which he finds even in classical and neoclassical thinking and, of course, in Keynes, who in Lowe's opinion, made a giant step from his neoclassical background toward the development of a system of political economics, though his concentration on short-term problems prevented him from developing a full theory of economic growth.

Third, Lowe develops the concept of political economics for an economic theory designed to provide guidance for actively influencing the "automatic" market processes of the economy, with "instrumental analysis" the main tool. In the classical model the causal nexus moves from individuals who strive for maximum gains at minimum costs through competition and the exchange mechanism to the final result, the provision of goods and services for the people. Lowe calls this the "extremism principle" in somewhat affected analogy with physical science—and political parlance. The latter, the objective of the exchange process, is the end product in a causal self-determining chain. Political economics, in contrast, starts from the end—from the desired outcome, the predetermined goal—considers the instruments of control needed to promote achievement of the goal, and then analyzes the path from the starting to the terminal phase of development.

Instrumental analysis in principle is all that is needed under a system of complete social controls. Under organized capitalism, however, controls include both "command" controls and "manipulative" ones. The latter (e.g., tax and monetary policy) work through their effect on consumers and producers. Therefore, instrumental analysis must be integrated with the causal analysis of human anticipations and movitations.

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Thus, the economics of organized capitalism combines instrumental and deductive, or teleological and causal analysis. Lowe calls it "instrumental inference."

THE TEST for the validity of the classical model is the ability of the economist to make accurate forecasts. The test for the validity of an instrumentalist model is its success in policy guidance. Political economics is not the science of an outside observer; here economic knowledge itself becomes an instrument for the determining of economic performance. The theory can be tested only as economic knowledge is acquired, trusted, and applied.

I believe Lowe has basically succeeded in the ambitious task he set for himself in this book. Though he has not advanced new theories or new tools for economic analysis, he still has written a very important work. It is important because it provides a philosophical framework for the role that economic knowlege has to play in our mixed economic system. It is also important because it shows the links between the new and the old economics. It is an attempt to synthesize classical, Marxian, and Keynesian economics with the aims of research techniques developed in response to the tasks and challenges of our time.

Yet, recognizing this great objective, there are shortcomings which a basically enthusiastic reviewer cannot overlook. The book appears in a series addressed to readers seeking orientation in a troubled world, and Lowe's message is appropriate. His presentation, however, is in large part addressed to specialists. Lowe regards economic predictions as a test for the validity of conventional economics. He uses as a test case the economic predictions made at the end of the Second World War and the Korean War.

Because several of these predictions turned out to be wrong, he regards them as proof of the failure of conventional theory. These errors actually were more the result of erroneous evaluation of facts than of an inapplicable underlying theory. I believe that, in general, Lowe overdraws his distinction between prediction as a test of the validity for conventional economics and successful controls as a test for political economics.

In his denial of the possibilities of predictions, he asks rhetorically whether it is valid to predict that a tax reduction will increase the total flow of spending "under all circumstances." Neither a classical economist nor a political economist will will make such prediction "under all circumstances." Experience has shown that some predictions which have been made upon consideration of given circumstances have been sufficiently accurate for policy guidance. How would "instrumental analysis" work if we cannot make any meaningful statement about the probable effect of the use of such instruments as tax reduction on consumers and business? Admittedly, our economic knowledge is pretty deficient. There is, however, no reason for exaggerating the degree of ignorance.

ACTUALLY, on the basis of "instrumental inference," predictions can and must be made. They must consider what goals the government is likely to adopt, what policies in pursuit of these goals are called for, what slippages in policy formation and implementation are likely to occur, and what responses consumers and producers are likely to make to anticipated and actual policies. Since these responses are modified on the basis of past experience, learning, and "moods," there always remains a range of uncertainty. This range of uncertainty (which I have called the "indeterminacy principle in economics," as my tribute to the predilection for "scientific" terminology) does not make predictions worthless if they are properly qualified and the degree of uncertainty is recognized. Admittedly, much research work needs to be done on the responses of individuals in various economic roles to the signals of the market and to anticipated or actual government policies. I am sure that Lowe would not disagree with this, but the earlier chapters which, probably for didactic reasons, take a simplified position, leave the reader with an impression of unjustified skepticism that is never corrected.

An aspect essential for political economics is the treatment of goals. In earlier chapters of the book Lowe treats them as a political data, stating that an analysis of the compatibility of goals must *precede* an instrumental analysis. But I believe that he would not disagree that the analysis of the compatibility of goals cannot precede the instrumental economic analysis but must be a part of it. Those who have to judge what is a tolerable rate of unemployment or a desirable rate of economic growth, or what are feasible goals in defense, education, research, and the standard of living, have to know what the "costs" of each goal are and to what extent pursuit of one goal supports other goals or is in conflict with them. Research on the compatibility of goals is an essential element in political economics. On the other hand, I agree, of course, that economics has nothing to contribute to the determination of the apex of the pyramid of goals—the fusion of goals represented in the *summum bonum*, "the good life."

The reader of Lowe's work should be prepared for some surprises. This reader, at least, had not expected that Lowe's methodological approach would lead him to subscribe to the theory that economic growth in the emerging countries is fully determined by the investment in real capital. I mention this view here not in order to discuss the relative role of investments and other factors in the growth process but to point out that treating all the other institutional and motivational factors as "outside" determinants appears to me a strange application of political economics.

Another surprise was to find the "tentative" assertion that "balanced growth" in the United States requires a long-term growth rate of eight per cent a year. He reassures us by referring to the achievement of similar growth rates in the Soviet Union and Mexico in recent decades. I believe that a policy in support of such a growth rate in the United States would be incompatible with the goal of "a maximum of decentralized decision making" (that is, a minimum of "command controls"), which Lowe specifically adopts. Lowe sets this "modal" goal of growth at almost double the rate which I (and probably most economists) think is compatible with other national goals. This discrepancy in a crucial evalu-

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ation demonstrates the uncertainty which exists in present economic knowledge.

A FINAL REMARK: Lowe has discussed in great detail why the traditional theory of the market cannot give applicable results. Roughly two-thirds of the book is devoted to the critical aspect. Lowe is very lucid in stating the constructive principles of political economics and their implications, but only alludes to the methods available and the actual and expected achievements in obtaining economic knowledge through instrumental inference. There are a few very interesting and very perceptive references to research methods which have been developed in recent years; I wish they could have been developed into a major part of the book. This would have given the reader a fuller picture of the state and prospect of economic knowledge. This book, great as it is, remains only an introduction. It leads up to the door and into the entrance hall of a magnificent edifice, but we are given no more than a glimpse of its interior.

For the time being, we should be grateful for what we have got.

The Smile of The Virgin

ANDREW M. GREELEY

A PASSAGE THROUGH FIRE, by Jean Montaurier. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $5.95.*

There is a not particularly funny comment among the clergy that one's particular parish would be a fine place if it were not for the people in it. The remark neatly points out the dilemma in which the cleric often finds himself: he has a professional commitment to the theory that human beings must be loved but in practice he finds the vast majority of them distinctly unlovable. Indeed he is quite prepared to subscribe to M. Sartre's observation that hell is other people. It sure is, Jean-Paul; it's the people in my parish.

But if parishioners generally are a nuisance and a trial, French parishioners are the worst of all—especially if we are to believe novelists such as Mauriac, Bloy, and Bernanos. The hypocrisy of the bourgeois French Catholic, particularly the provincial bourgeois French Catholic, has become legendary, thanks to the work of these distinguished authors. Almost as repre-

hensible is the weakness of the French hierarchy who, if we are to believe the same witnesses, always choose the side of provincial bourgeois hypocrites over against the few saintly clerics who dare to condemn them.

Thus when one reads on the dust jacket of *A Passage Through Fire* that it is the story of "the inner life of an elderly priest . . . whose inability to please the Church hierarchy or conciliate the provincial bourgeoisie results in his being sent from his diocese to a small village by the sea," one has the sinking feeling that one could practically write the novel oneself.

The characters are familiar—the professor who claims to be losing his faith but in truth wants to torment the curé, the wife of the retired colonel who has driven her husband to other beds, the physician who runs to the bishop, the jabbering women who devote their idle lives to gossip and bridge, the dumb and indifferent parishioners who want to lower the curé to their own level of mediocrity, the scheming ecclesiastical politicians, the worldly young priest on his motorcycle, the simple old lady who in reality is not so simple—one knows them all quite well and is prepared for what is to happen. (A new addition to the cast is a finely drawn caricature of a Dominican priest who argues that St. Paul's writings would have been much improved if he had been able to read St. Thomas Aquinas.)

It must be admitted that some of the denunciations the two priest heroes level at their flocks are *tours de force.* Thus the younger of the two announces to his congregation (on Christmas day) that he has had it:

"For fifteen years, as you know, I have been your pastor. Like all men, I have my faults. But God doesn't choose angels to be his priests. A priest, even though he isn't perfect, has a legitimate right to hope, especially after so many years of effort, that his presence and his work will have some visible effect. But it is plain to see that I have prayed, labored, preached, waited, and suffered here for nothing. Those we call the good haven't become any better. The others have been afraid to become good. Spite and malice, calumny and falsehood are rampant in this parish. The rich remain hard of heart. And what is worse, the attitudes of a few dangerous self-righteous individuals prevent all those who seek the truth from taking the first step toward it and from sharing in their turn in the blessings of the Redemption. . . . Like Christ, I pitched my tent among you. Like the Jews, you refused to acknowledge me as the man of God. I leave you without anger or bitterness, in the hope that my successor, preaching the same Gospel, may know the apostolic joys that were denied me."

ONLY the French could put things so nicely, but the enterprising American cleric, willing to learn from his cultural betters, should be able to store up some choice bits of vindictiveness with which to let off steam—at least in his fantasy life.

Of course the two priests go off and live saintly lives in isolation from all their bourgeois tormentors? Mais non; and here is where *A Passage Through Fire* rises above the stereotypical French Catholic novel. For Jean Montaurier is not content, as were his predecessors, to denounce the religious failures of the bourgeois; he has made the remarkable discovery that even the provincial bourgeois—for all their immense unlovability—must be loved. Such a discovery is quite un-French, but it makes for one of the most moving novels that has come along in many years. Abbé Montaurier's account of

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the strange pilgrimage of the two priests and the sincere, but bumbling attempts of the older to persuade the younger to return to his flock is extraordinarily powerful; and the dénouement in which the smile of a statue of the Virgin ("She has the loveliest smile in stone in the world") convinces him in one intensely mystical moment of the goodness of the people on whom the Virgin smiles is almost overwhelming.

UNLIKE the usual fictional clerics, the priests in *A Passage Through Fire* are authentic; but it is not a book about the priesthood. Abbé Montaurier's romance with the soil of France is lyrical; but his is not a book to be read for the beauty of its language. Rather the novel wrestles with one of the crucial problems men must face: how bad are my fellow men? The answer found in the smile of the Virgin of Riom may not satisfy everyone; but the drama of that answer ought to give heart to all who have not abandoned hope.

Our Deadly Atmosphere

C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

WITH EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE, by Howard R. Lewis. *Crown. $5.*

THE BREATH OF LIFE, by Donald E. Carr. *Norton. $3.95.*

CRISIS IN OUR CITIES, by Lewis Herber. *Prentice-Hall. $5.95.*

The publication of three books on air pollution hopefully ends the era of general indifference to this hazard to health and affront to the senses. Like Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* and Stewart Udall's *The Quiet Crisis,* these books indict modern man for criminal assault against the earth itself.

All three authors agree that air pollution is a grave and worsening problem and that drastic measures, currently uncontemplated in any legislative proposals, will be required to control it. The best of the books, Howard Lewis's *With Every Breath You Take,* gives an excellent

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account that ranges from basic scientific facts about the atmosphere, through exhaustive documentation of the health hazards posed by polluted air, to the discouraging political facts about control programs. Donald Carr focuses on automobile pollution, which, I think, he correctly sees as the major problem, and he indicates several areas where continuing research may reveal currently unrecognized or underrated hazards. His book is unfortunately marred by a self-consciously flippant style. Lewis Herber's treatment of air pollution suggests some valuable long-term solutions, but he seems to strip gears as he shifts back and forth from the other subjects of his book—water pollution and the stresses of city life.

As Lewis and Carr explain in their discussions of the global significance of air pollution, we are now living in the earth's third distinctive atmosphere, the oxygen-plentiful mixture that has remained almost stable during the last 500 million years while nurturing the evolution of complex forms of animal life. The original atmospheric mixture, predominantly hydrogen, ammonia, and methane, was incapable of supporting even plant life. The second atmosphere, water vapor, nitrogen, and carbon dioxide spewed out from volcanoes as the cooling planet contracted, created the conditions for elementary life forms. According to Lewis, our reckless pollution of the third atmosphere threatens to create a fourth, which could become increasingly hostile to life. One by-product of the continuing worldwide consumption of fossil fuels is the so-called "greenhouse effect" produced by a thickening blanket of carbon dioxide. It threatens to melt the polar ice caps and flood New York, London, and other coastal cities—possibly within the next century. Only a shift to new energy sources such as solar heat, wind-driven turbines, tide-generated electricity, and nuclear reactors, offers a hope of averting this threat.

But air pollution presents an abundance of much more immediate worries. Beyond reasonable doubt our poisoned air is killing thousands of Americans every year and helping to make life a perpetual struggle for breath for even more thousands of elderly city-dwellers. The circumstantial evidence that continues to accumulate offers scant comfort to skeptics. Though long considered harmless in the relatively low concentrations encountered outdoors, carbon monoxide above a congested street was found capable of damaging the brain. According to Lewis, automobile exhausts have produced carbon monoxide concentrations exceeding five hundred parts per million (ppm), more than fifteen times the thirty ppm classed as "serious" for eight-hour exposure by the California Department of Public Health. European health officials generally set much lower limits; according to Carr, the Russians recommend one or two ppm.

In a chapter on the politics of air pollution, Lewis demolishes the arguments of the National Association of Manufacturers, the Automobile Manufacturers Association, and other opponents of Federal control. In reply to fatuities like the NAM's praise for "voluntary efforts of civic and industrial groups working in co-operation," Lewis cites the Jekyll-Hyde behavior of companies that have plants both within the county limits of Los Angeles and elsewhere. Threatened with severe penalties in Los Angeles, these companies have controlled pollution from stationary sources to a remarkable degree. But almost without exception, the same companies relax controls on plants outside Los Angeles to the minimum tolerated by local officials. Industry prefers local to Federal control because, in general, the lower the level of government, the more vulnerable are enforcement officials. Stressing the multitude of technical problems to be resolved before enforcement is justified, industry inevitably calls for more research.

A switch in tactics, however, is detectable in the auto industry's testimony at Senate hearings last April on the Muskie bill, which would require smog controls on new cars sold in the U.S., beginning with the 1968 models. Since the introduction in state legislatures of some sixty auto smog-control bills, many of them modeled after the one passed in California, the industry has apparently lost some of its previous enthusiasm for states' rights. In April a representative of the Automobile Manufacturers Association threatened court action "as an extreme last resort" against states enacting different standards, which could create problems for mass production. Though they are surrendering gracelessly, still arguing that automobile smog is a demonstrable problem only in California and that, as in Los Angeles, everyone else should be forced to clean up first, the automobile manufacturers are apparently resigned to the idea of eventual Federal control. And judged by the ease with which the Muskie bill moved through the Senate in May, Federal control is almost certain.

That the automobile industry can still question the existence of an automobile smog problem outside California is incredible at this late date. The 350,000 tons of pollutants exhausted daily into the atmosphere by the nation's eighty-eight million motor vehicles is probably more than the total released by all other pollutant sources combined. In Washington, D. C., for example, motor vehicles spew nearly as many pollutants into the air as all other sources. Like Los Angeles, Washington has no rapid transit, and it pays a heavy price in the foul air hovering above its monumental traffic jams. Moreover, since California sets the national pace, the apparent collapse of that state's efforts to require control devices for used cars protends increasingly rough weather for cities with soaring automobile registrations. Since new automobiles are ten per cent or less of the total, many areas will suffer from increased automobile smog even with controls on new automobiles.

Perhaps the automobile industry's casual attitude toward automobile pollution is not surprising. A survey cited by Lewis revealed that industrialists in the heavily polluted Buffalo area are remarkably impervious to the facts about air pollution. A third of those polled claimed that the problem exists only in people's minds, and sixty per cent either did not know or did not believe that air pollution affected health. But with expanding public education, and increasing political pressure, there is hope that even the slow learners will eventually catch on.

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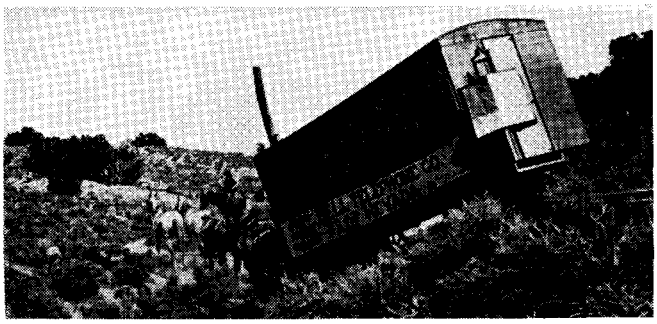

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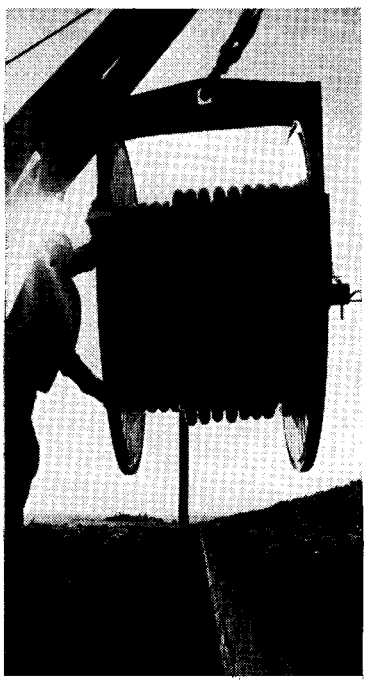

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